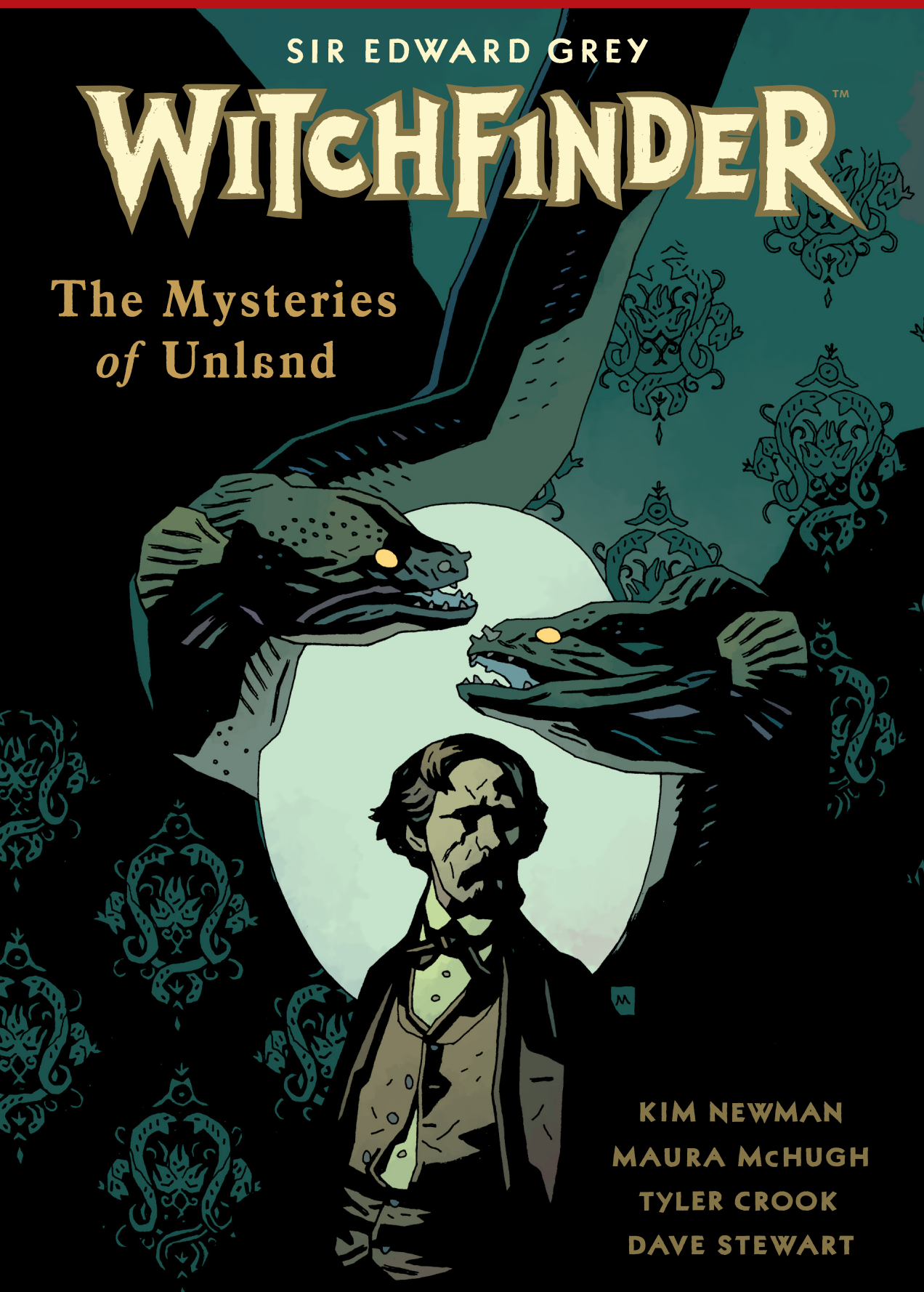
FROM THE PAGES OF HELLBOY

SIR EDWARD GREY

WITCHFINDER™

The Mysteries *of* Unlsnd



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MAURA McHUGH
TYLER CROOK
DAVE STEWART

Sir Edward Grey
WITCHFINDER

CREATED BY MIKE MIGNOLA

LONDON CHRONICLE
MYSTERIOUS DEATH IN HALLAM

SIR EDWARD GREY

WITCHFINDER™

The Mysteries *of* Unlsnd

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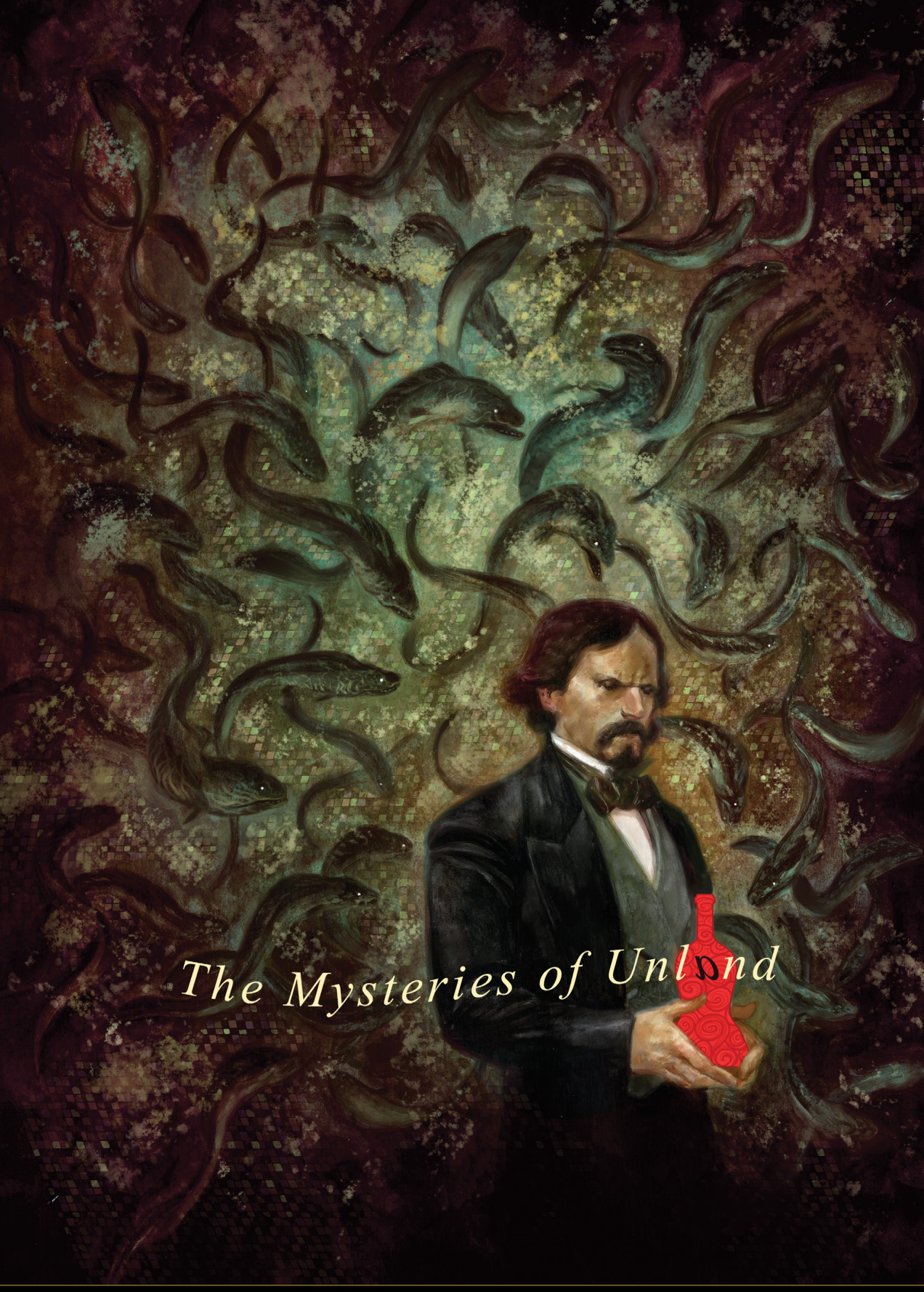
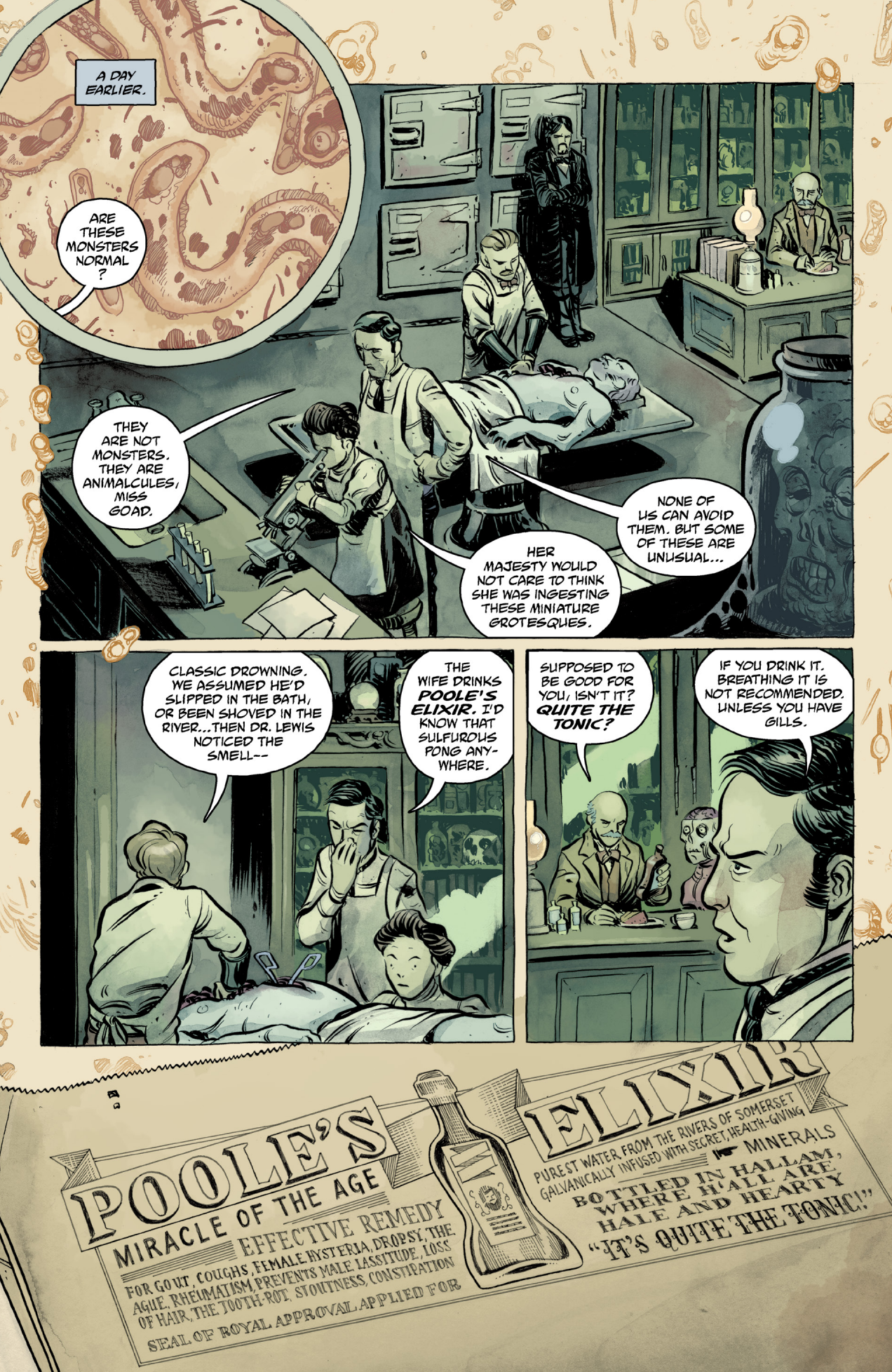
CHAPTER ONE


The Mysteries of Unl nd

THE GLASS EEL HOTEL, HALLAM, SOMERSET, 1881.

Sir Edward Grey
Glass Eel Hotel
Hallam
An account of my investigation at Hallam
THIS COMMISSION IS BENEATH ME. A SIMPLE MURDER. AND YET...


A DAY EARLIER.
ARE THESE MONSTERS NORMAL?
THEY ARE NOT MONSTERS. THEY ARE ANIMALCULES, MISS GOAD.
HER MAJESTY WOULD NOT CARE TO THINK SHE WAS INGESTING THESE MINIATURE GROTESQUES.
NONE OF US CAN AVOID THEM. BUT SOME OF THESE ARE UNUSUAL...
CLASSIC DROWNING. WE ASSUMED HE'D SLIPPED IN THE BATH, OR BEEN SHOVED IN THE RIVER...THEN DR. LEWIS NOTICED THE SMELL--
THE WIFE DRINKS POOLE'S ELIXIR. I'D KNOW THAT SULFUROUS PONG ANYWHERE.
SUPPOSED TO BE GOOD FOR YOU, ISN'T IT? QUITE THE TONIC?
IF YOU DRINK IT. BREATHING IT IS NOT RECOMMENDED. UNLESS YOU HAVE GILLS.
POOLE'S
MIRACLE OF THE AGE
EFFECTIVE REMEDY
FOR GOUT, COUGHS, FEMALE HYSTERIA, DROPSY, THE AGUE, RHEUMATISM, PREVENTS MALE LASSITUDE, LOSS OF HAIR, THE TOOTH-ROT, STOUTNESS, CONSTIPATION
SEAL OF ROYAL APPROVAL APPLIED FOR
ELIXIR
PUREST WATER FROM THE RIVERS OF SOMERSET GALVANICALLY INFUSED WITH SECRET, HEALTH-GIVING MINERALS
BOTTLED IN HALLAM, WHERE HALL ARE HALE AND HEARTY
"IT'S QUITE THE TONIC!"

ANOTHER ODD THING. AN ELECTRICAL BURN. THE FELLOW'S BEEN ZAPPED. DEUCED MYSTERIOUS.
FAR BE IT FROM ME TO BALK AT AFTERNOON TEA IN THE MORTUARY, MR. SILK, BUT WHY AM I HERE?
THIS WAS ARTHUR NEAL OF THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE. HE WAS SENT WEST TO INSPECT THE POOLE'S ELIXIR WORKS.
POOLE HAS APPLIED FOR A ROYAL WARRANT. FORTUNES CAN BE MADE UNDER THE SEAL OF APPROVAL. WE DON'T JUST HAND WARRANTS OUT WILLY-NILLY.
ESPECIALLY WHEN A CROWN SERVANT SHOWS UP MYSTERIOUSLY DROWNED IN THE PRODUCT.
I'VE RECOMMENDED THE QUEEN STOP TAKING THE ELIXIR UNTIL THE MATTER IS RESOLVED... BUT HER MAJESTY IS WILLFUL.

THIS IS A SIMPLE MURDER, SURELY? NOT MY BAILIWICK, MISS GOAD. I BELIEVE THERE ARE DETECTIVES, OFFICIAL AND OTHERWISE, QUALIFIED TO PURSUE SUCH TRIVIAL MATTERS.
THE HEALTH OF HER MAJESTY IS NO "TRIVIAL MATTER."
IT'S JUST A DAY OR TWO'S POKING AROUND IN HALLAM.
IT'S ONE OF THOSE NEW INDUSTRIAL TOWNS. ALL STRAIGHT ROADS, TIDY COTTAGES...
AND NO PUBS.
YOU YOURSELF HAVE A SEAL OF APPROVAL, SIR EDWARD. BEING STAMPED WITH "BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT" OBLIGES YOU TO TAKE THIS FINE OPPORTUNITY TO PUT THOSE TRIVIAL DETECTIVES IN THEIR PLACES.
HERE'S A MIRACLE ELIXIR YOU CAN RELY ON. SCOTCH WHISKY.

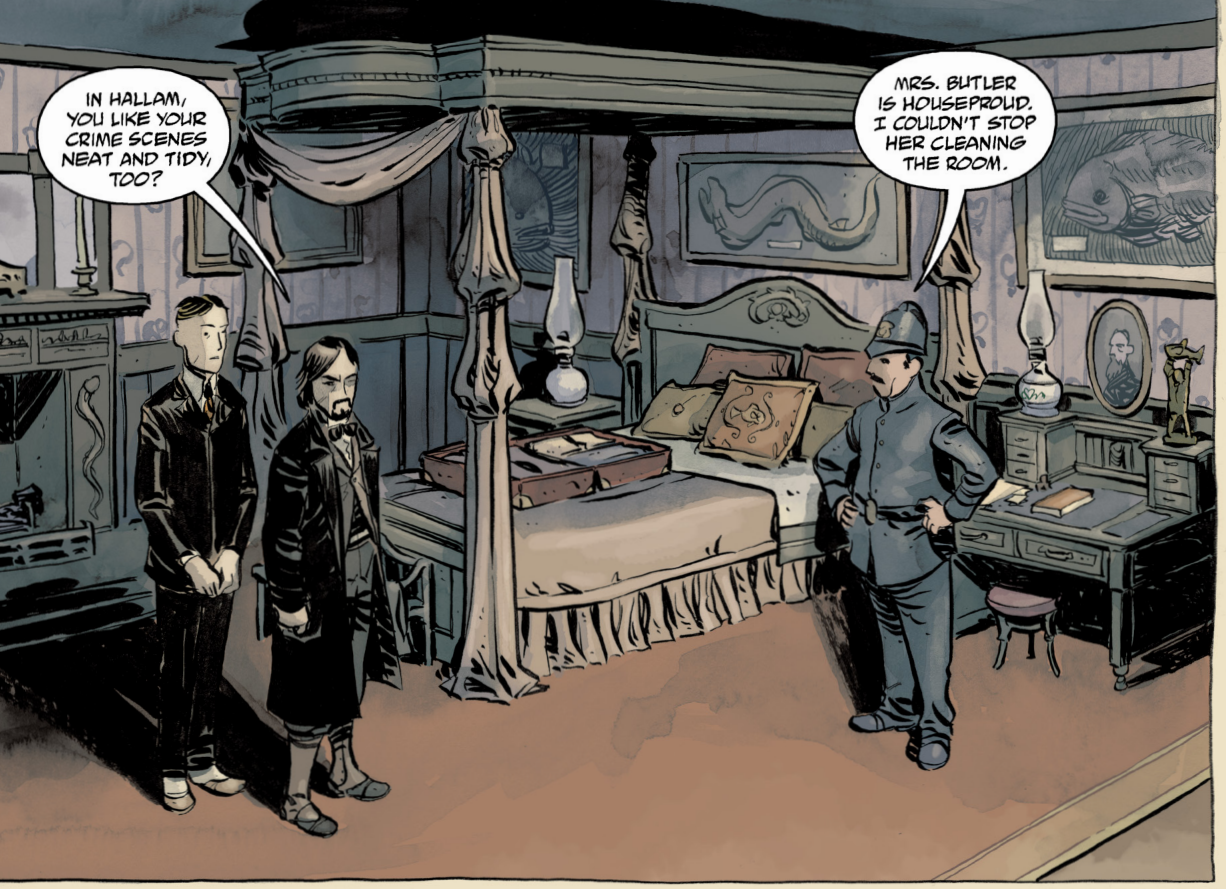
AT LEAST I'M OUT OF THE CITY.
AFTER AMERICA, LONDON FEELS SO CRAMPED.
BUT THIS COMMISSION... DO THEY WANT TO MAKE A BLOODY POLICEMAN OF ME?
ZORA!
A PHANTOM WALKS AT YOUR BACK, HOODED.
TICKET PLEASE, SIR.

HALLAM HALT
WELCOME TO HALLAM, SIR EDWARD. I'M WALKER MORSE, MANAGER OF POOLE'S WORKS.
THIS IS CONSTABLE LAWLESS.
SIR.
I TAKE IT YOU'RE SIR HORACE POOLE'S MEN?
SIR HORACE SUFFERED A STROKE A FEW DAYS AGO. HIS SON EDMUND ASKED ME TO EXTEND YOU FULL COOPERATION IN THIS SORRY BUSINESS.
HALLAM'S FIRST MURDER.
IT'S PRACTICALLY HALLAM'S FIRST CRIME. WE ARE A MODEL COMMUNITY.
YOU CAN TIDY UP ALL YOU WANT, BUT CHAOS COMES CREEPING BACK.

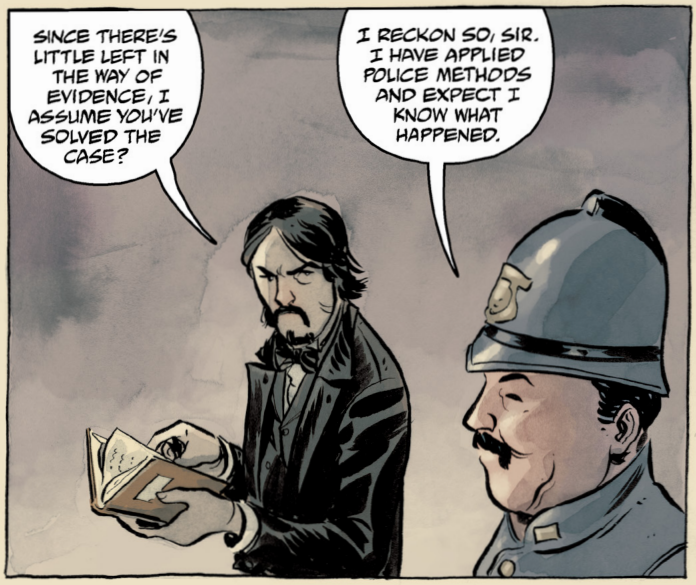
THE GLASS EEL HOTEL IS JUST UP THE HIGH STREET, SIR.
LET US WALK THEN. YOU CAN POINT OUT FEATURES OF INTEREST.
POOLE'S ELIXIR
THIS WAS ALL MARSH. BEFORE SIR HORACE DRAINED THE LAND AND CIVILIZED THE PEOPLE.
KEEP OFF THE GRASS
OUR CONSTABLE IS NOT A LOCAL MAN, SIR EDWARD.
THERE WERE NO SCHOOLS, NO NORMAL CHURCH, NO INDUSTRY. JUST EELS TO EAT.
AND EVERYONE MARRIED THEIR COUSIN.
THE WET-LANDS HAD THEIR CHARM, IF YOU KNEW WHERE TO FISH.
YOU'D PREFER IT AS IT WAS, MR. MORSE?
WE ARE INDEBTED TO SIR HORACE'S VISION. PROGRESS IS INEVITABLE.

POOLE'S ELIXIR
THIS IS WHERE WE BOTTLE THE ELIXIR.
I RECKON THE SIGN TIPPED HIM OFF.
THE RIVER PEIST RUNS THROUGH THE VILLAGE. THE ELIXIR IS RIVER WATER, WITH ADDED HEALTH-GIVING INGREDIENTS.
AND ANIMALCULES UNKNOWN TO SCIENCE?
POOLE'S ELIXIR
THE CHURCH OF SAINT PETER. SIR HORACE BUILT IT FOR THE MORAL EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.
IS THAT HALLAM? AFTER WHOM THE TOWN IS NAMED?
SIR HORACE'S FIRST SON. HE DROWNED IN A MARSH, SO SIR HORACE ABOLISHED THE MARSHES...
HOTEL
EVERYTHING DONE HERE HAS BEEN IN HIS MEMORY.

MR. NEAL STAYED HERE.
GLASS EEL HOTEL
WE FOUND HIS BODY IN HIS ROOM.
ONE OF OUR FRIENDLY RESIDENTS.
DON'T YOU WORRY 'BOUT ALBERT. AIN'T NIPPED NO ONE SINCE BUTLER LANDED 'EN.
MRS. BUTLER, THIS IS SIR EDWARD GREY FROM LONDON. HE'S HERE ABOUT ARTHUR NEAL'S...ABRUPT PASSING.
WE'M ALL KEEN FOR POOLE TO GET THE WARRANT. IT'D MEAN SO MUCH FOR TOWN. WHO DO WANT TO HURT MR. NEAL LIKE THAT?


IN HALLAM, YOU LIKE YOUR CRIME SCENES NEAT AND TIDY, TOO?
MRS. BUTLER IS HOUSEPROUD. I COULDN'T STOP HER CLEANING THE ROOM.

MES
TOR
BEL MUSEUM
ADMIT
ADMIT


SINCE THERE'S LITTLE LEFT IN THE WAY OF EVIDENCE, I ASSUME YOU'VE SOLVED THE CASE?
I RECKON SO, SIR. I HAVE APPLIED POLICE METHODS AND EXPECT I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED.

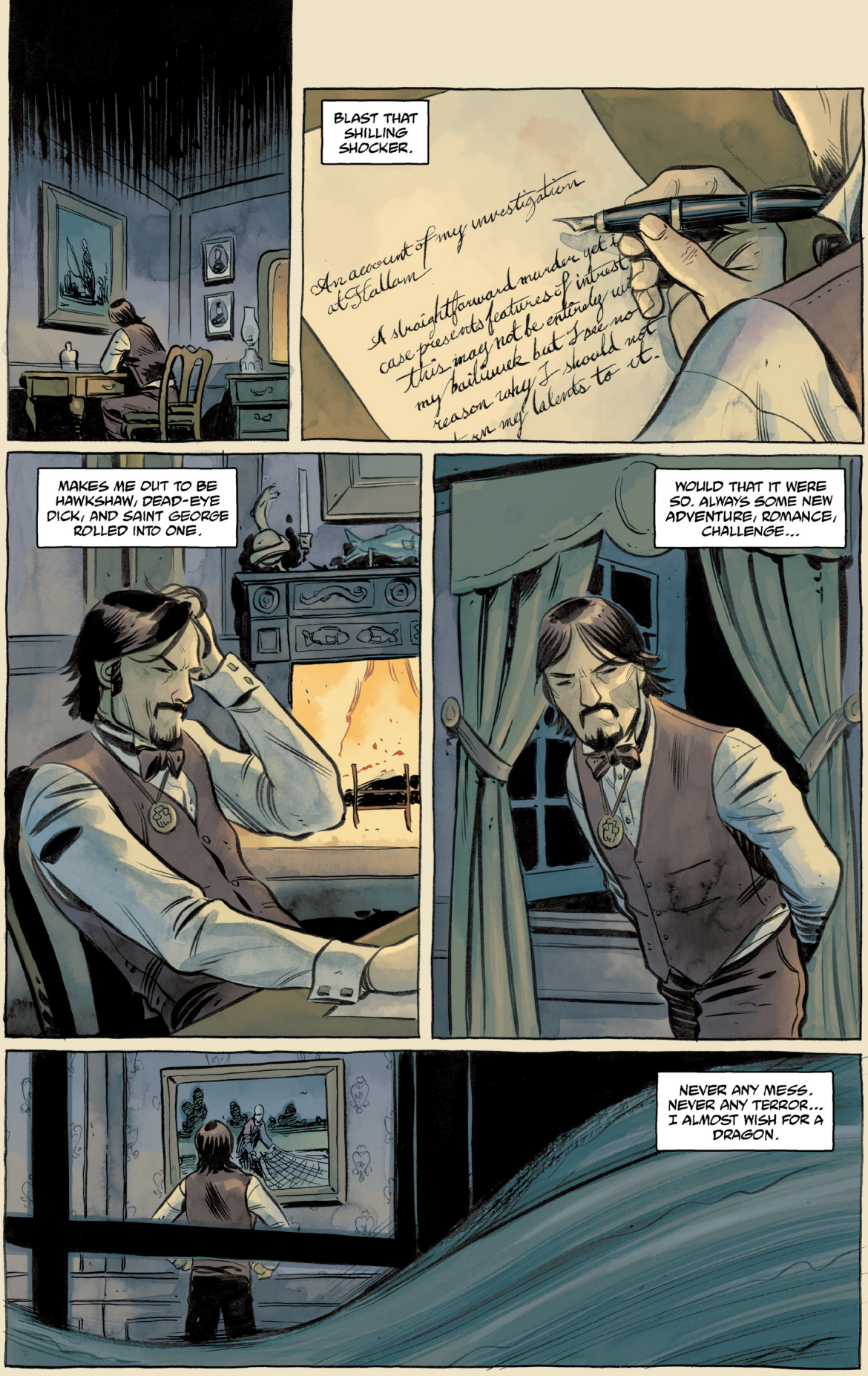
SO...A GUEST IS FOUND DROWNED IN AN ELIXIR IN HIS HOTEL ROOM. SOME MIGHT CALL THAT A PERPLEXING MYSTERY, BUT LAWLESS OF THE LEVELS IS ON THE CASE. PRAY ELUCIDATE...

THE SUSPICIONS OF CONSTABLE GEORGE LAWLESS
I BELIEVE IT WAS VILLAINS THAT DONE FOR POOR MR NEAL ... RIGHT RUFFIANS.
THEY MUST HAVE SEEN HIM FOR A MARK... TRAILED HIM TO THE GLASS EEL.
YOU FIENDS IN HUMAN FORM, UNHAND ME! I AM A SERVANT OF THE CROWN.
THEY FORCED ENTRY TO THIS ROOM, AND SET UPON HIM FEARFULLY...
BUT MR. NEAL CARRIED NO PARTICULAR VALUABLES.
SACRE BLEU, MERDE ALORS!
ACH DU LIEBE, ENGLISCHE SCHWEINHUND!
PERHAPS THE ASSAILANTS WERE AGENTS OF A WICKED FOREIGN POWER, SEEKING CROWN SECRETS...

THE PERFIDIOUS FOREIGNERS SUBJECTED POOR MR NEAL TO VILE TORTURES ...
BUT HE WOULD NOT GIVE UP HIS CROWN SECRETS, WHICH HE TOOK TO THE GRAVE ...
THE PERPETRATORS WILL BE LONG GONE NOW... BUT THE FIST OF THE LAW WILL FALL ON THEM. IF NOT FOR THIS ATROCITY, FOR SOME FUTURE MISDEED. MARK MY WORDS, ARTHUR NEAL SHALL BE AVENGED...
LAND'S EN
BRISTOL
LONDON

THAT'LL TURN OUT TO BE THE SOLUTION, ALL RIGHT. FOREIGN SPIES.
DID ANYONE SEE SUCH SINISTER INDIVIDUALS LOITERING ABOUT TOWN?
AH... NOT AS SUCH...
WHERE WOULD SUCH VILLAINS LURK IN HALLAM? YOUR FIENDS IN HUMAN SHAPE WOULD SCARCELY PLOT IN THE TEMPERANCE TEA-ROOMS.
PAGES ARE MISSING FROM NEAL'S JOURNAL.
THIS LOOKS UNCOMMONLY LIKE A CLUE.
...WHAT OR WHERE IS UNLAND?
Go to
AN OLD NAME FOR THE MARSHES. NOW IT MEANS THE ANCIENT, UNDRAINED WETLANDS.
OUR LATE MR. NEAL HAD AN ASSIGNATION IN A MARSH? AFTER WHICH HE DROWNED. PERHAPS A LOCAL CULPRIT IS RESPONSIBLE, RATHER THAN FOREIGN SPIES, CONSTABLE.

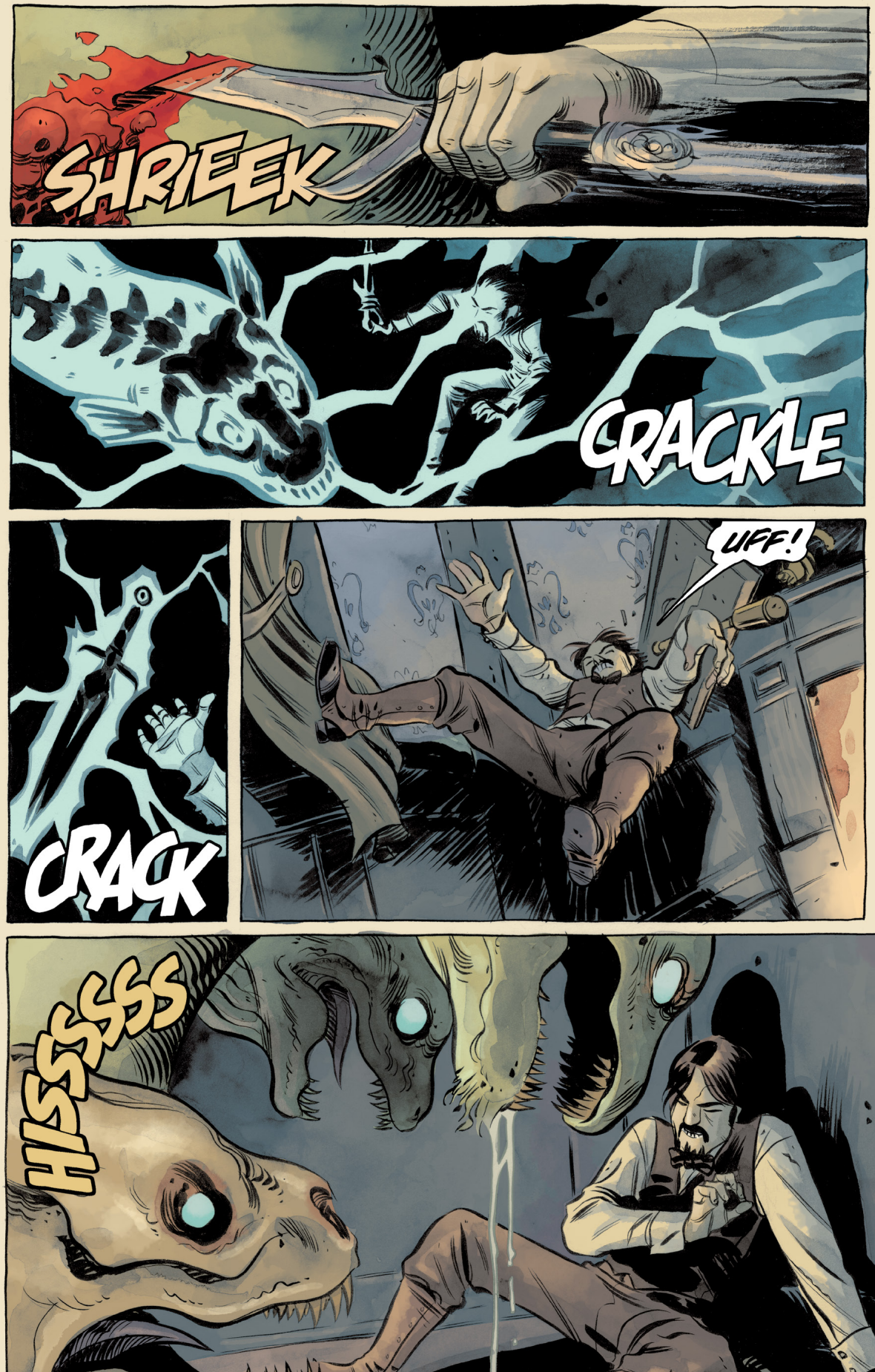
WILL YOU BE WANTING THE TIMES OF THE TRAINS BACK TO LONDON, SIR?
NO, I SHALL BE WANTING A ROOM FOR THE NIGHT.
I AM TO SAY THAT MR. AND MRS. EDMUND POOLE HAVE REQUESTED THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY FOR DINNER AT THE MANOR TONIGHT.
I MUST DECLINE. I'VE A REPORT TO WRITE.
YOU'VE FINISHED YOUR INVESTIGATION?
OF COURSE NOT. I MUST GO TO UNLAND TO DISCOVER WHAT EVIL IS AT WORK HERE.
I WARNED YOU. THIS IS A SPOOK CHASER, NOT A REAL DETECTIVE. HE'LL BE CHASING PIXIES WHILE THE KILLERS SLIP THE NET.
FROM THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY. I READ ALL ABOUT YOU.
Edward Grey
Soho VAMPIRES
DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU READ. A USEFUL RULE IN THE DETECTIVE BUSINESS, CONSTABLE.


BLAST THAT SHILLING SHOCKER.
An account of my investigation at Hallam
A straightforward murder yet a case presents features of interest this may not be entirely my bailiwick but I see no reason why I should not
MAKES ME OUT TO BE HAWKSHAW, DEAD-EYE DICK, AND SAINT GEORGE ROLLED INTO ONE.
WOULD THAT IT WERE SO. ALWAYS SOME NEW ADVENTURE, ROMANCE, CHALLENGE...
NEVER ANY MESS. NEVER ANY TERROR... I ALMOST WISH FOR A DRAGON.

HISSSSS
FIZTT
NOT DRAGONS, BUT CLOSE ENOUGH! BY ALL THAT'S UNHALLOWED!
HISSSSS

CRASH
ZIPPP
HISSSS
BOOM
HISSSS

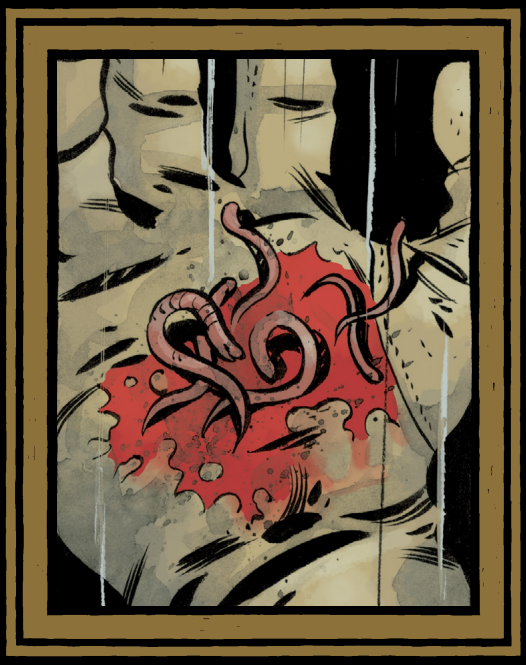
HISSSS
THANK HEAVENS I REACHED MY ATHANE.
SPARE US, GOOD LORD--
A WEAPON OF ARCANE AND MYSTIC IMPORT IN THE SHAPE OF A KNIFE.
FROM ALL EVIL AND MISCHIEF--
IT IS USED IN RITUALS OF SUMMONING AND BANISHING.
HAHA HAHAHA
--FROM THE CRAFTS AND ASSAULTS OF THE DEVIL--
IT HAS SYMBOLIC POWER. IT COMMANDS RESPECT IN THE NETHER-WORLD.
WE ARE NO DEVILS. YOUR PRAYERS DO NOT AFFECT US.
BUT IT'S STILL A KNIFE!


SHRIEEK
CRACKLE
CRACK
UFF!
HISSSSS

BAM
KNOCK
WHAK

LEAVE!
LEAVE--
OR DIE!

I WILL NOT LEAVE. I HAVE BUSINESS HERE.
I WILL SOLVE THIS MYSTERY OF UNLAND.

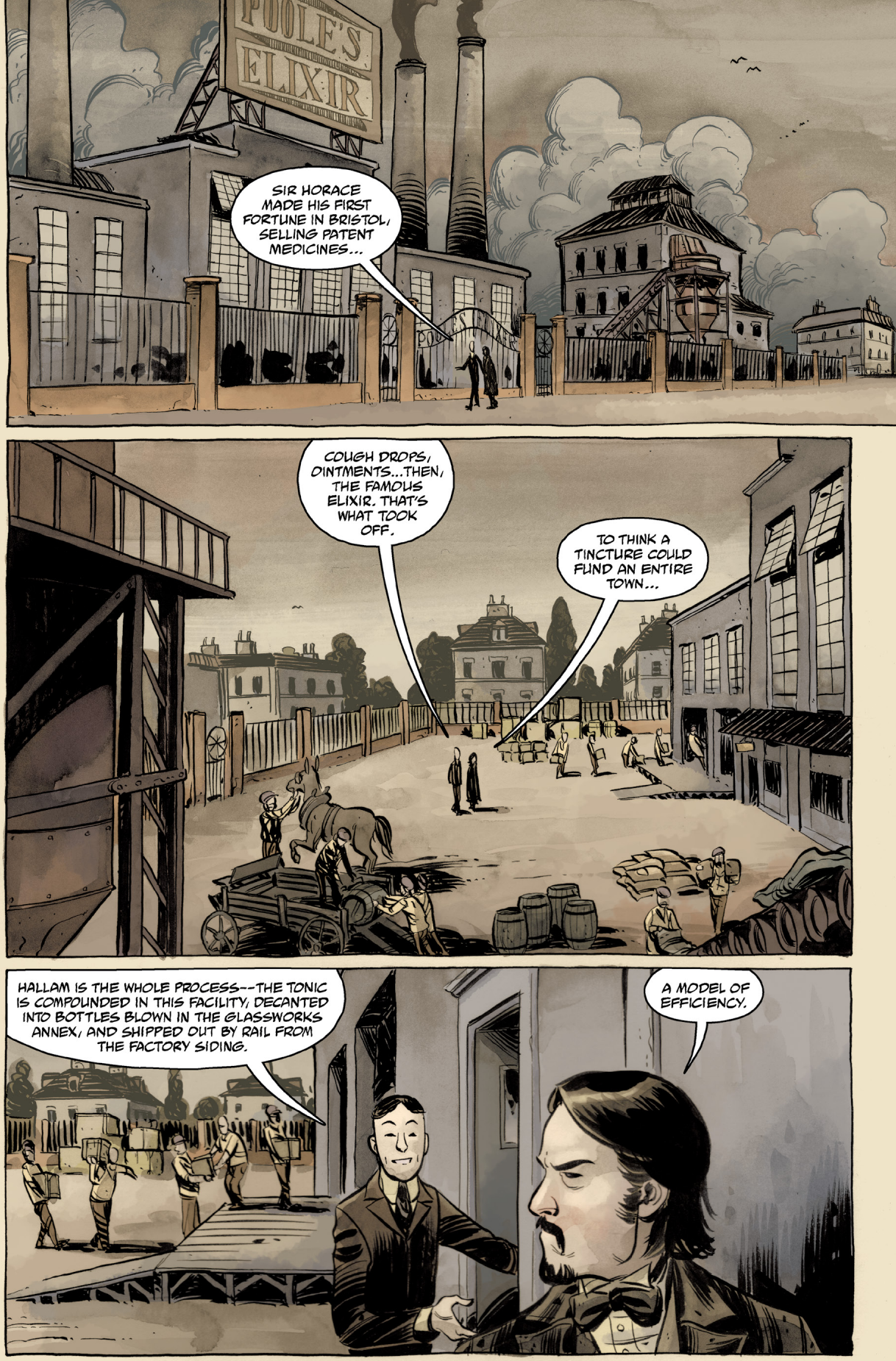


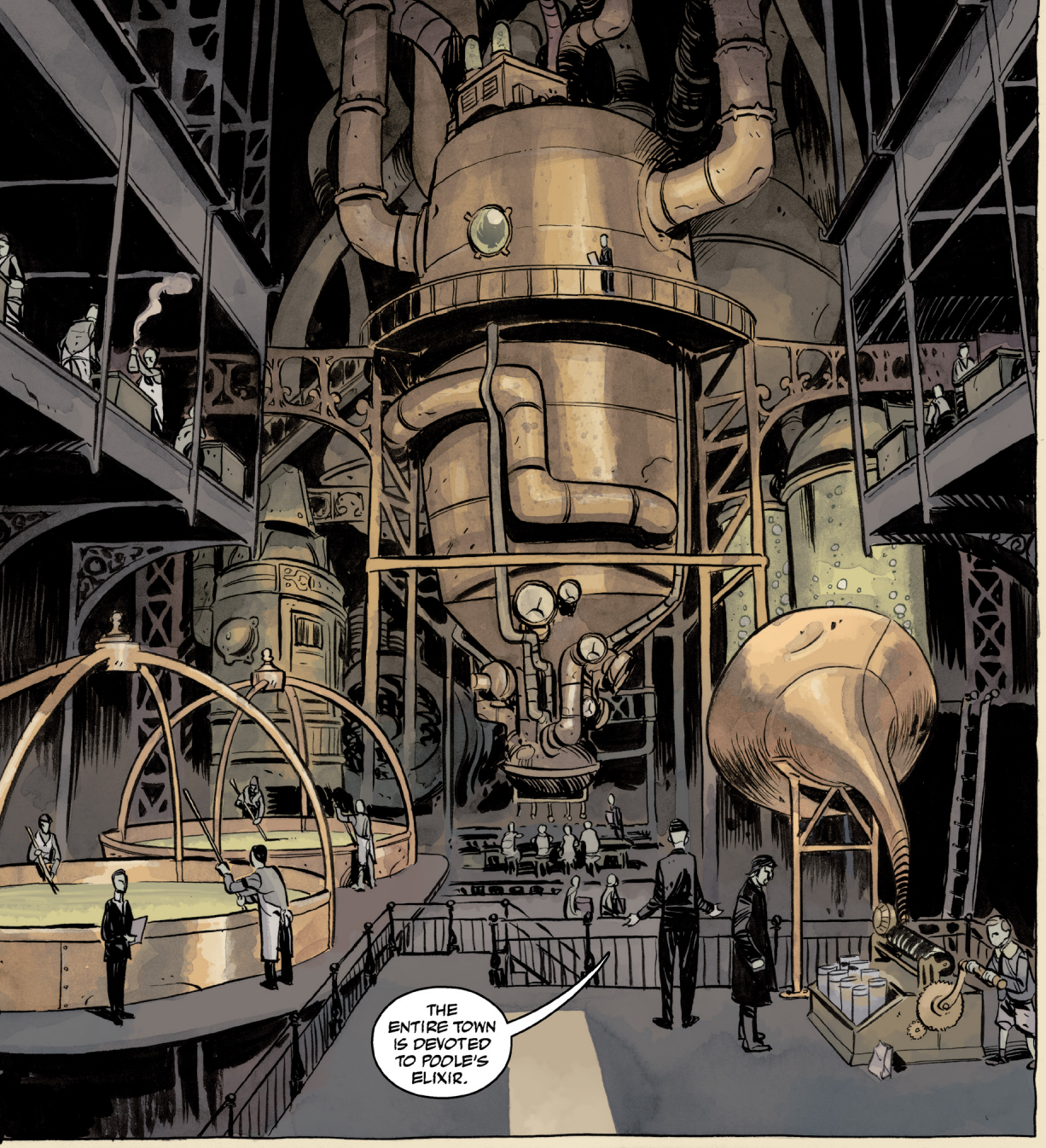
CHAPTER TWO

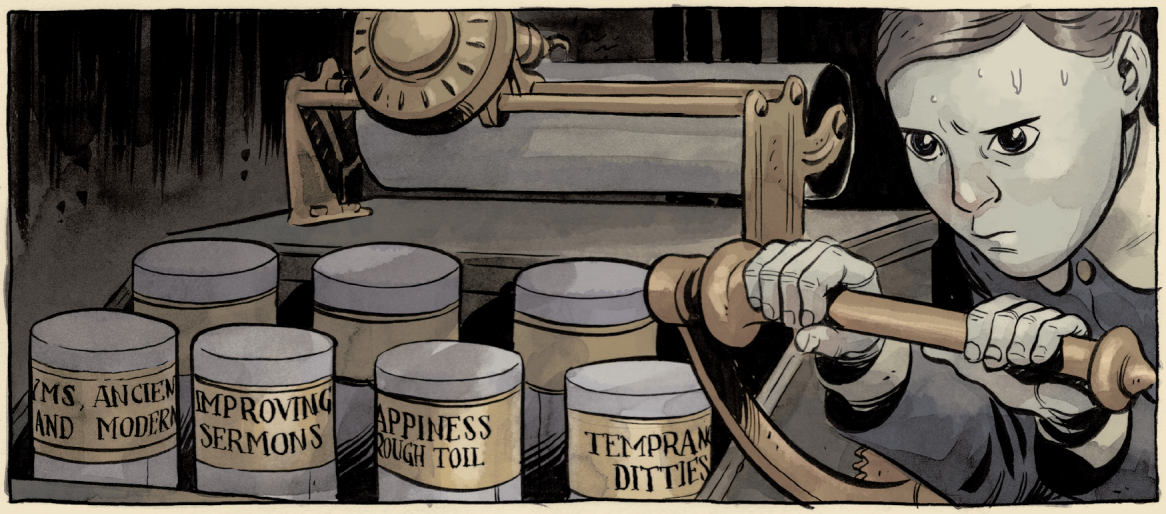
The Mysteries of Unlond

HALLAM, SOMERSET, 1881.
GLASS EEL HOTEL
CAN YOU DESCRIBE THESE INTRUDERS YOU SAY ATTACKED YOU LAST NIGHT?
THEY WERE RUFFIANS, OF COURSE...
AND DOUBTLESS FOREIGN.

SIR EDWARD, DON'T LET THIS GIVE YOU WRONG NOTIONS 'BOUT OUR LOVELY LITTLE TOWN. HALLAM B'AINT USUALLY A HAUNT OF MURDERERS AND ASSAILANTS.
INDEED. IT'S SHOCKING.
ROOM'LL BE TIDIED BY SUPPERTIME, NEVER FEAR. IT BE LIKE NOTHING NASTY EVER HAPPENED. YOU TRUST I.
GET ON OUT, GEORGE LAWLESS. THERE'M MESS TO BE TIDIED!
I WANT TO RETRACE NEAL'S FOOTSTEPS THE DAY HE DIED.
HE BREAKFASTED HERE, OF COURSE. AFTER WHICH HE TOURED THE WORKS.
FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS-- KIPPERS. NEAL WASN'T POISONED BY A HOTEL BREAKFAST AT LEAST.


POOLE'S ELIXIR
SIR HORACE MADE HIS FIRST FORTUNE IN BRISTOL, SELLING PATENT MEDICINES...
COUGH DROPS, OINTMENTS...THEN, THE FAMOUS ELIXIR. THAT'S WHAT TOOK OFF.
TO THINK A TINCTURE COULD FUND AN ENTIRE TOWN...
HALLAM IS THE WHOLE PROCESS--THE TONIC IS COMPOUNDED IN THIS FACILITY, DECANTED INTO BOTTLES BLOWN IN THE GLASSWORKS ANNEX, AND SHIPPED OUT BY RAIL FROM THE FACTORY SIDING.
A MODEL OF EFFICIENCY.


THE ENTIRE TOWN IS DEVOTED TO POOLE'S ELIXIR.


YMS, ANCIEN
AND MODERN
IMPROVING
SERMONS
APPINESS
ROUGH TOIL
TEMPRAN
DITTIES

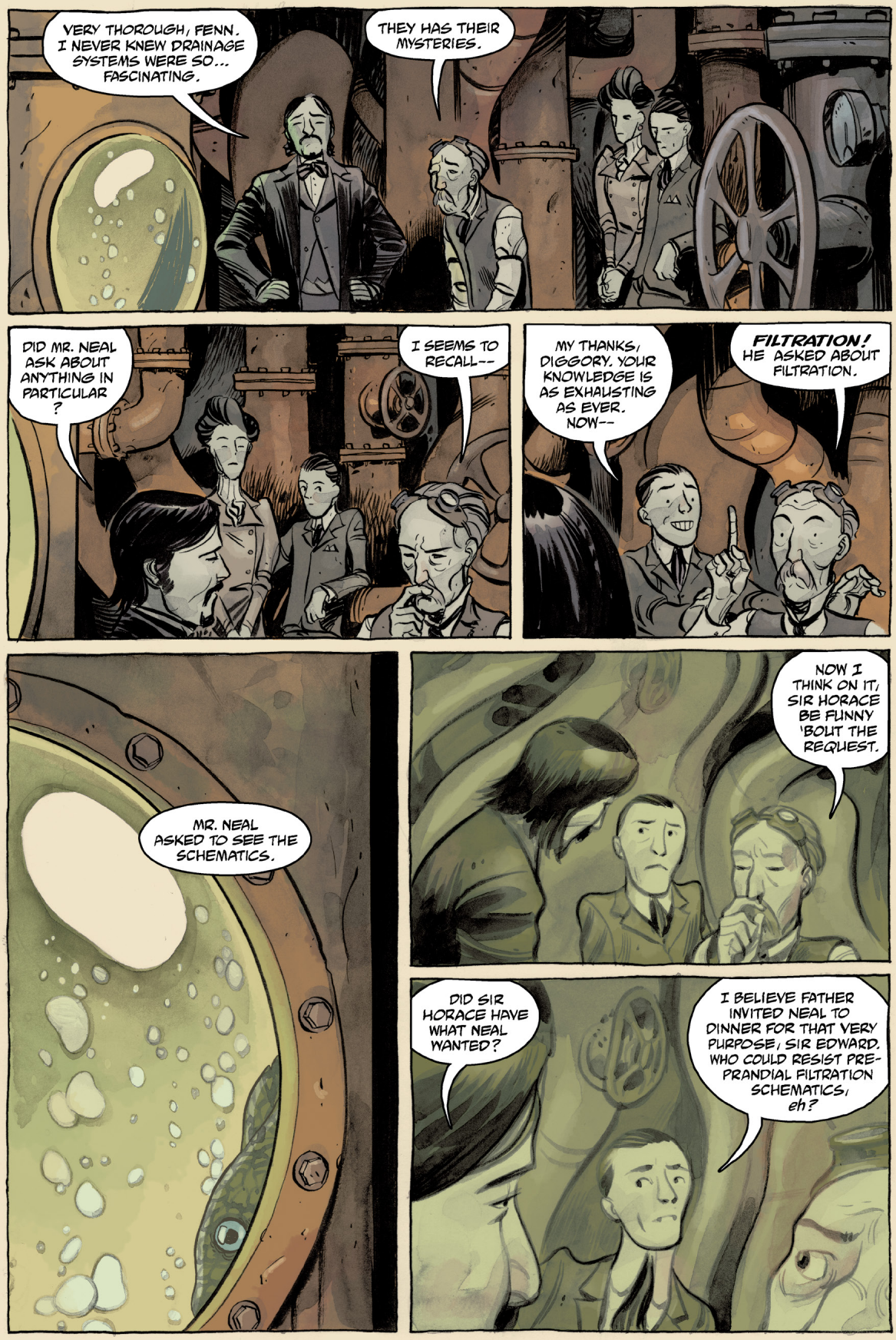
ONLY SIR HORACE AND HIS IMMEDIATE FAMILY KNOW THE WHOLE FORMULA...
...BUT TRUSTED EMPLOYEES ARE PRIVY TO PARTS OF THE PROCESS.
EVERY STEP IS MONITORED TO KEEP QUALITY UP TO SNUFF.
SIR HORACE IS CONCERNED WITH THE MORAL HEALTH OF OUR WORKERS AS MUCH AS THEIR PHYSICAL WELL-BEING. OUR MR. FENN KEEPS THEM ON THEIR TOES. THERE ARE REWARDS FOR THE DILIGENT--
AND REBUKES FOR THE SLACK?
PUNCTUALITY
Daffne Grime
Emme Zoole
Fergus Pring
Adam Gilpin
Phil Tozer
Adge Gudge
Alison Haggett
Azathoth Pike
SELDOM NECESSARY, SIR EDWARD. SELDOM NECESSARY.

SIR EDWARD, WELCOME TO THE SATANIC MILLS.
THIS IS EDMUND POOLE, SIR HORACE'S SON. HE'S FOND OF JESTING.
ALWAYS, OLD THING. WHAT LARKS.
AND ANNA, HIS LADY WIFE.
ENCHANTÉ, MADAME.
I HOPE WALKER HASN'T WORN YOU OUT WITH FLOW GAUGES, BOTTLE STOPPERS, AND PURITY CHARTS. FRANKLY, HE CAN BORE FOR ENGLAND ON THE TOPIC OF POOLE'S BLESSED TONIC.
WALKER DOES LOVE TO LECTURE.
I ASKED FOR THE TOUR ***NEAL*** TOOK THE DAY HE DIED.

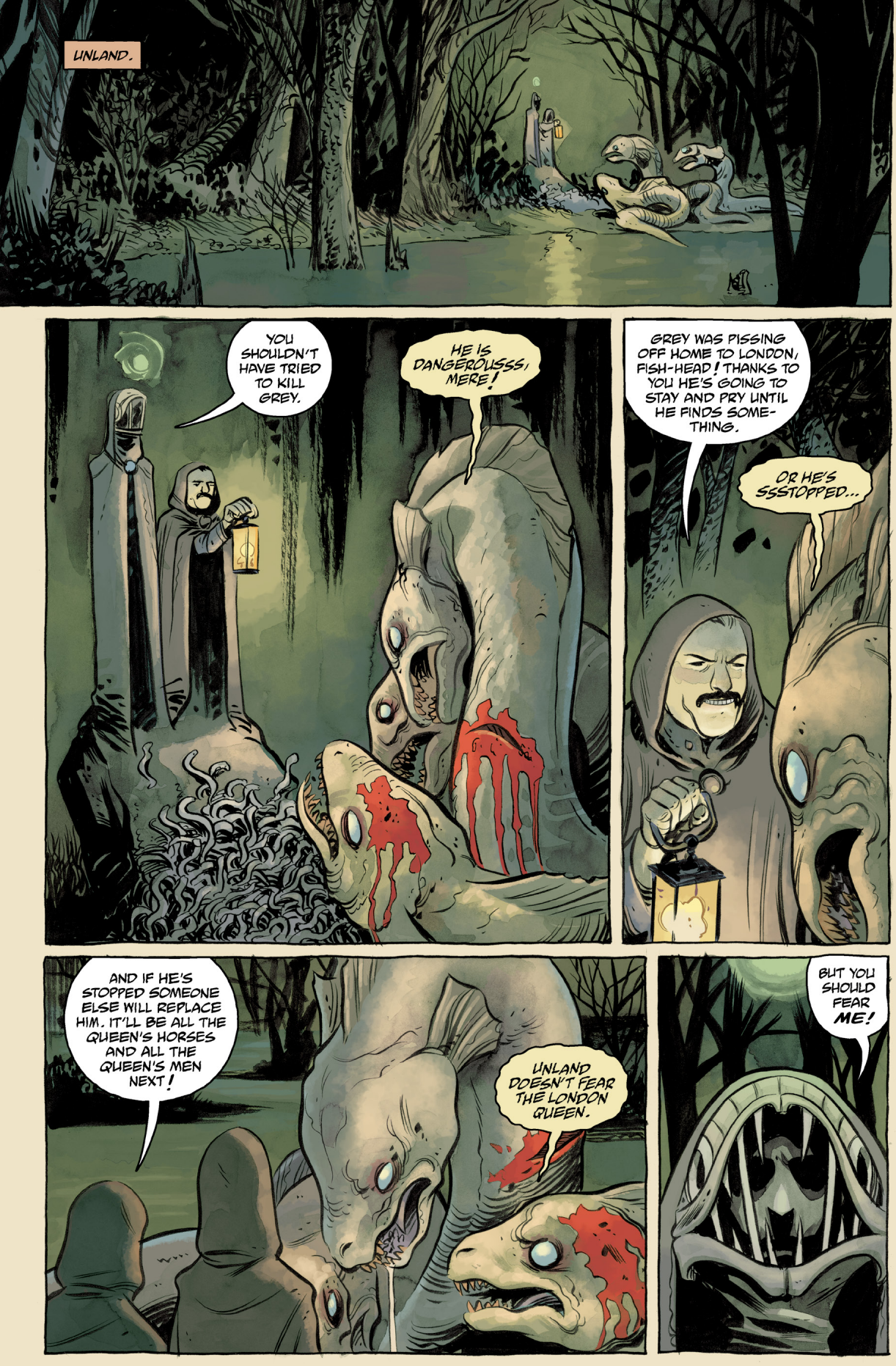
TERRIBLE BUSINESS. THE FELLOW ATE WITH US THE EVENING BEFORE, YOU KNOW. THEN FATHER'S STROKE...IT'S BEEN TRYING. ANNA IS DISTRAUGHT.
HOW IS SIR HORACE?
BED BOUND AND CAN'T SPEAK. THE QUACKS HOLD OUT LITTLE HOPE.
SEEMS I'LL BE RUNNING THE SHOW EARLIER THAN ANYONE EXPECTED. OR WANTED. I'LL HAVE TO MEMORIZE THAT DRATTED FORMULA NOW.
DID YOU AND YOUR FATHER ESCORT NEAL AROUND THE FACTORY?
I WAS...DOWN WITH A BUG. HE AND WALKER GAVE MR. NEAL THE GRAND TOUR. FATHER WAS FULL OF FIZZ THAT MORNING. EAGER TO SECURE THE WARRANT. NO INDICATION OF BRAIN FEVER.
WHERE DID NEAL GO FROM HERE?
THE PUMPING HOUSE.
THE OLD MAN'S PRIDE AND JOY.

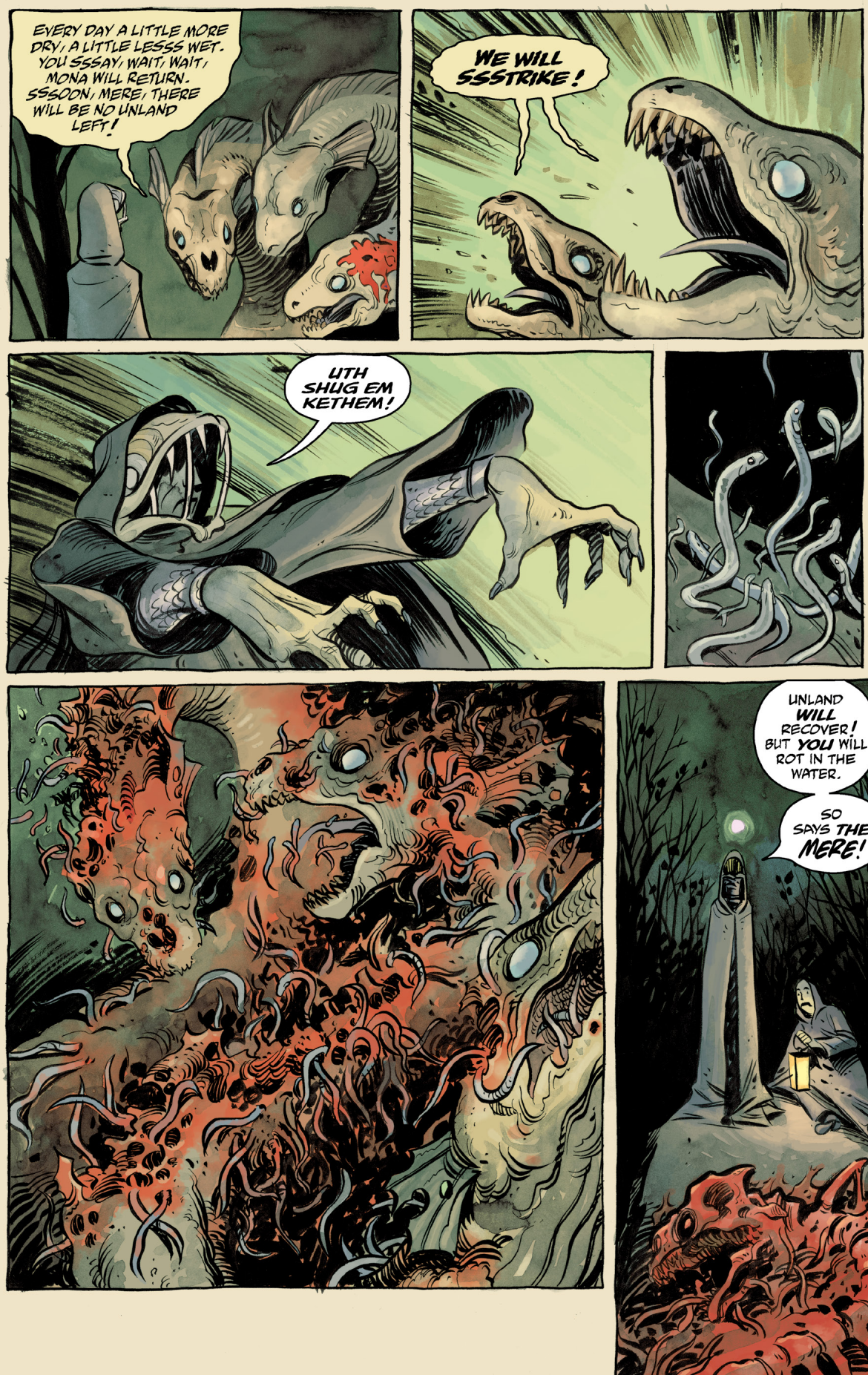
THIS WAY.
WE MUST BRING OLD DIGGORY! NO ONE KNOWS THE WORKS LIKE DIGGORY FENN.
DID MR. FENN JOIN SIR HORACE AND MR. NEAL ON THE TOUR?
YES, HE DID.
BEGGIN' YOUNG SIR'S PARDON, BUT THERE B'AIN'T NO PLACE FOR THE LIKES OF I IN FINE COMPANY.
NONSENSE, DIGGORY! I INSIST YOU JOIN US.
FATHER OFTEN SAID-- "WITHOUT OLD DIGGORY, I'D NEVER HAVE TAMED UNLAND." HE'S OUR EXPERT ON THE WAYS AND BYWAYS OF THE MARSH.
SIR HORACE REWARDS HIS INFORMANTS WELL FOR YIELDING THEIR SECRETS.
...AND FOR THEIR PUNCTUALITY, EFFICIENCY, CLEANLINESS, CONTINENCE, AND DEMEANOR?

OUR FAMILY OWES DIGGORY FENN A DEBT. AND WE KEEP TIDY ACCOUNTS.
LAY ON, MACFENN.
DEMEANOUR
Katie Bristow
Patience Pring


VERY THOROUGH, FENN. I NEVER KNEW DRAINAGE SYSTEMS WERE SO... FASCINATING.
THEY HAS THEIR MYSTERIES.
DID MR. NEAL ASK ABOUT ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR ?
I SEEMS TO RECALL--
MY THANKS, DIGGORY. YOUR KNOWLEDGE IS AS EXHAUSTING AS EVER. NOW--
FILTRATION! HE ASKED ABOUT FILTRATION.
MR. NEAL ASKED TO SEE THE SCHEMATICS.
NOW I THINK ON IT, SIR HORACE BE FUNNY 'BOUT THE REQUEST.
DID SIR HORACE HAVE WHAT NEAL WANTED?
I BELIEVE FATHER INVITED NEAL TO DINNER FOR THAT VERY PURPOSE, SIR EDWARD. WHO COULD RESIST PRE-PRANDIAL FILTRATION SCHEMATICS, eh?

THEY WERE AN AWFULLY LONG TIME IN SIR HORACE'S STUDY BEFORE DINNER. THE SOUP COOLED.
DID NEAL LEAVE WITH ANY PAPERS?
I'M AFRAID I DIDN'T NOTICE.
WE MUST BE POPPING OFF NOW. WILL YOU JOIN US FOR DINNER LATER, SIR EDWARD? COOK PROMISES BEEF AND ALE PIE. NO FISH.
I'LL BE HAPPY TO DINE WITH YOU. I HOPE YOU'LL PERMIT ME TO PAY MY RESPECTS TO YOUR FATHER.
IF THE POOR FELLOW IS UP TO IT. GOOD DAY TO YOU.
MEET ME AT THE LESSER BRIDGE. OUTSIDE TOWN. SIX O'CLOCK.


UNLAND.
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED TO KILL GREY.
HE IS DANGEROUSSS, MERE!
GREY WAS PISSING OFF HOME TO LONDON, FISH-HEAD! THANKS TO YOU HE'S GOING TO STAY AND PRY UNTIL HE FINDS SOMETHING.
OR HE'S SSSTOPPED...
AND IF HE'S STOPPED SOMEONE ELSE WILL REPLACE HIM. IT'LL BE ALL THE QUEEN'S HORSES AND ALL THE QUEEN'S MEN NEXT!
UNLAND DOESN'T FEAR THE LONDON QUEEN.
BUT YOU SHOULD FEAR ME!


EVERY DAY A LITTLE MORE DRY, A LITTLE LESSS WET. YOU SSSAY, WAIT, WAIT, MONA WILL RETURN. SSSOON, MERE, THERE WILL BE NO UNLAND LEFT!
WE WILL SSSTRIKE!
UTH SHUG EM KETHEM!
UNLAND WILL RECOVER! BUT YOU WILL ROT IN THE WATER.
SO SAYS THE MERE!

EEL MUSEUM
DISCOVER THE HISTORY
OF THIS ANCIENT
AND ITS
ORIGINS
CAN'T FOOL I, OUTLANDER. TICKY'S ALREADY PUNCHED.
PARDON?
TICKY'S USED. YOU'M NEED BUY 'NOTHER IF'N YOU WANT IN.
HOW MUCH?
EEL MUSEUM
SIXPENCE.
IS IT WORTH IT?
IF'N YOU LIKE EELS.

THE EEL
SINGULAR
FIS
OF OUR
AG
WATERY
SWALE
HOME OF
THE NO
EL

THE DIVERSITY of our NATIVE EELS
GLASS EEL
RANSPARENT EELS THAT SWIM IN THE OCEAN
ELVER
IGRATE FROM THE ATLANTIC INTO OUR RIVERS IN THE SPRING
ELLOW-BELLIES
N ADULT EELS LIVE IN WATER RIVERS
R-BELLIES
EEL BELLIES TURN SILVER
AMPREYS
-THEY LIVE ON THE BLOOD OTHER FISH

LAMPREYS AREN'T EELS.
A SURFEIT of LAMPREYS
KING HENRY I DIED AFTER OVERINDULGING IN HIS FAVOURITE DISH~
"LAMPREY PIE."
THEY'RE NOT? THEY LOOK LIKE EELS.
YOU'RE NO FISHER. A WATERMAN KNOWS HIS EELS.
I FISHED AS A LAD. TROUT, MOSTLY.
PFFT! TROUT!
HEREABOUTS WE LIVED ON WHAT WE COULD PULL FROM THE WATER. FOUGHT PIKE FOR MINNOWS. FOUGHT EACH OTHER FOR PIKE.
SIR HORACE HAS CHANGED THAT, HASN'T HE? HALLAM HAS INDUSTRY NOW, MODERN FACILITIES...
ONCE WE LIVED BY TIDES AND CURRENTS, NOT THE TIMEKEEPER'S BELL. WE DRANK SCRUMPY, NOT TONIC. AND THE EELS WERE GOOD.
WE'RE CLOSING, LADIES AND GENTS.

LATER.
IT'S SIX.
WHERE'S FRIEND FENN?

SIR EDWARD!

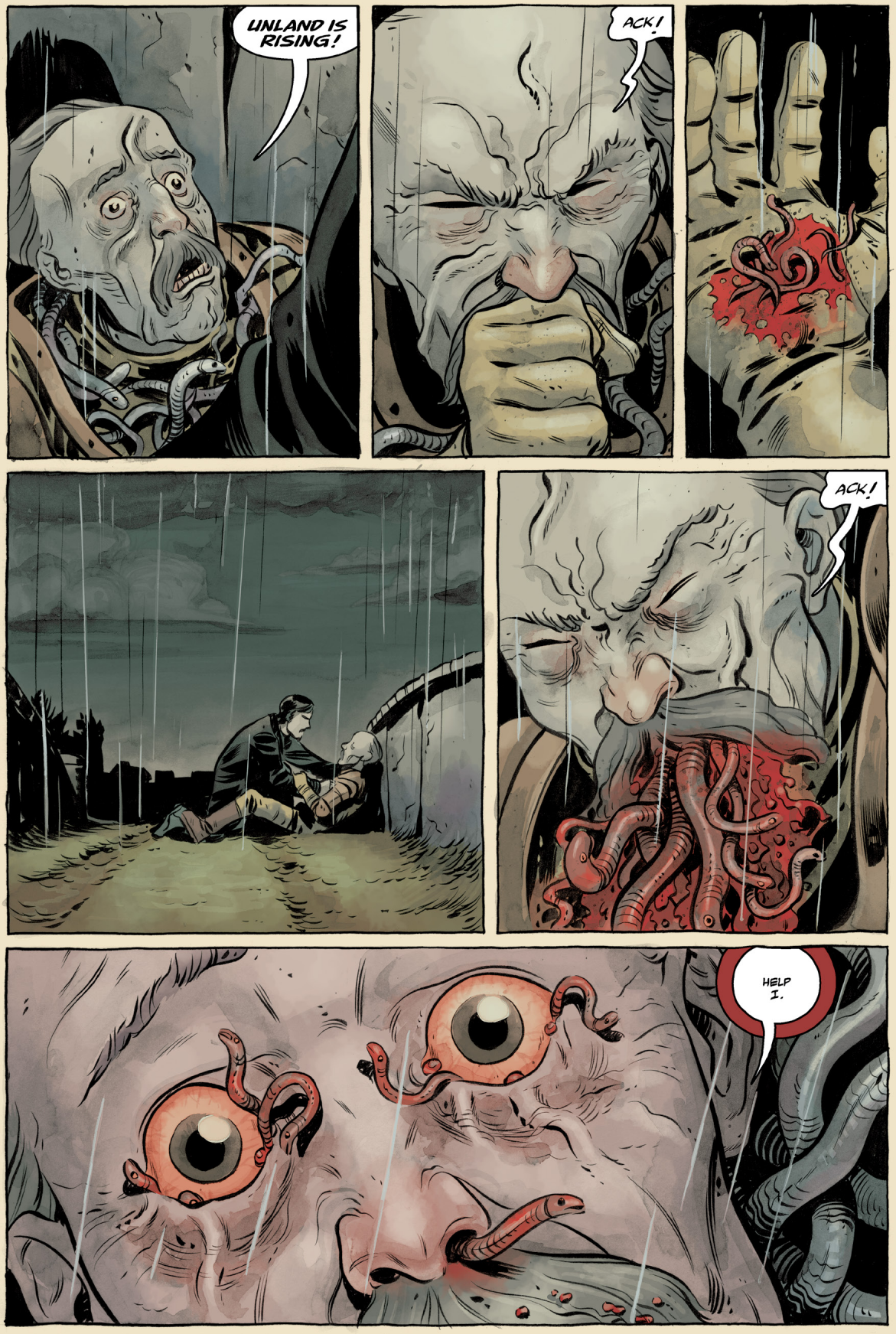
WHAT ARE YOU WEARING, FENN?

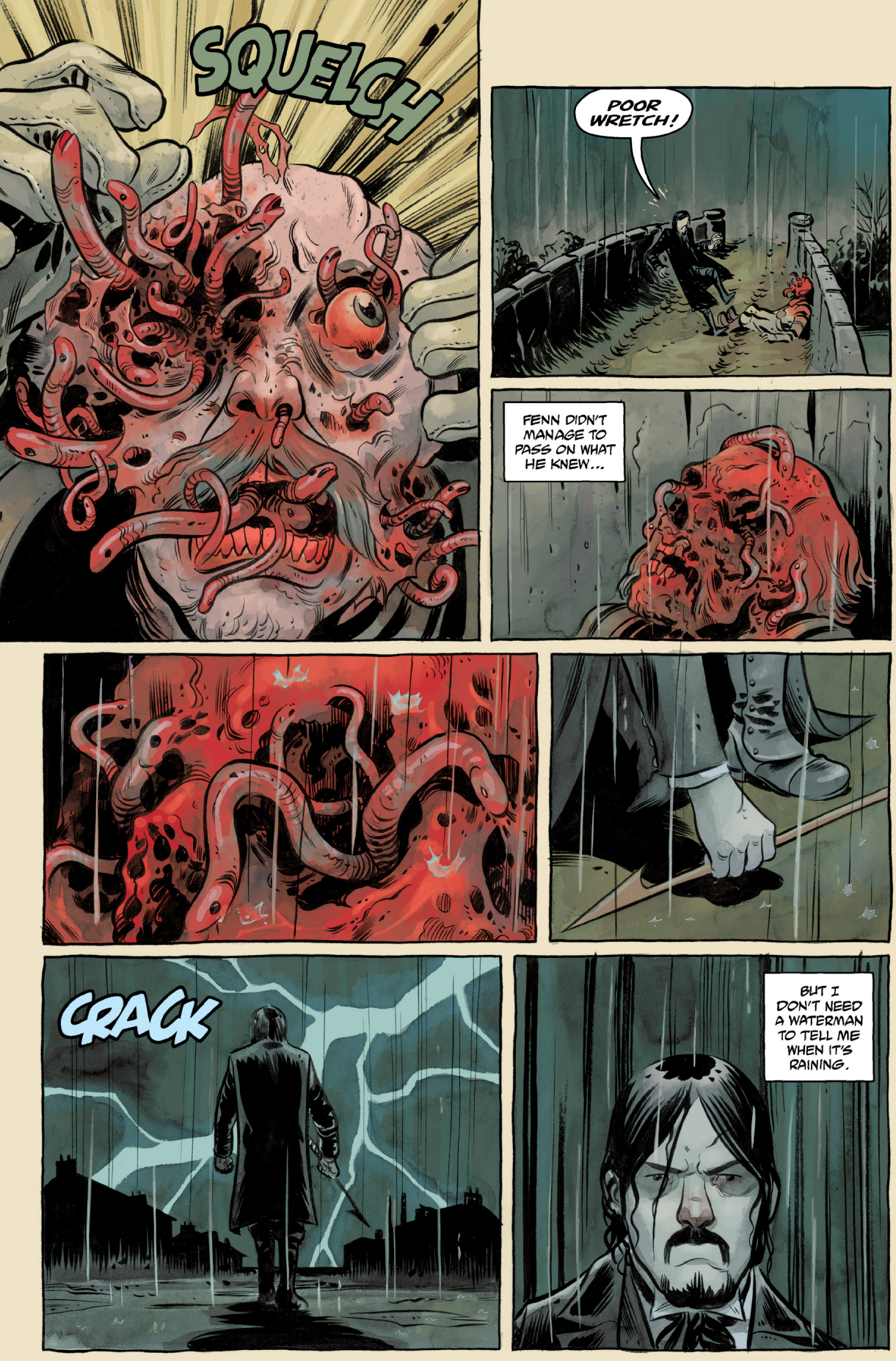
NEED HELP.

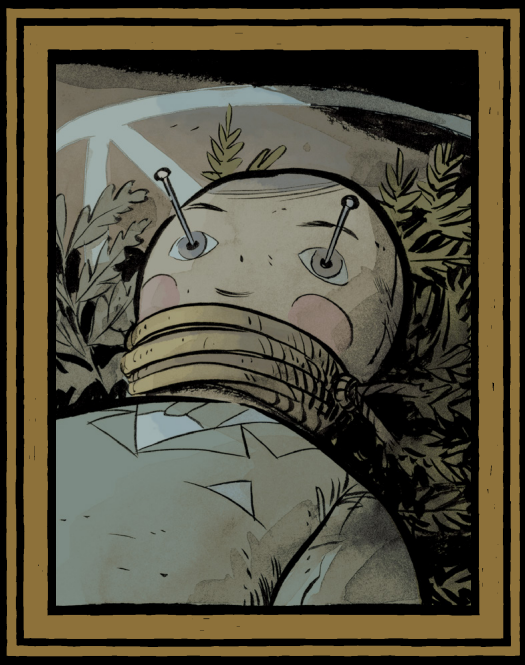
I'D BE MORE AT EASE IF YOU DROPPED THE HARPOON. I AM NOT A WHALE.

DIGGORY! WHAT'S WRONG?
THEY'M IN THE RIVER. THEY'LL KNOW I SAW YOU.
WHO'LL KNOW?
DON'T MATTER. TOO LATE.
YOU TOLD NEAL SOMETHING BEFORE HE DIED?
MEANT NO HARM...
I TOLD MR. NEAL ABOUT THE FILTRATION SYSTEM...CHANGES BE MADE. THINGS BE LET THROUGH.

THE PACT! IT BE NOT RIGHT. BUT B'AIN'T RIGHT BEFORE NEITHER.
"THE PACT"?
ARGH! THE MERE--
MONA!
YOU NEED A DOCTOR, MAN!


UNLAND IS RISING!
ACK!
ACK!
HELP I.


SQUELCH
POOR WRETCH!
FENN DIDN'T MANAGE TO PASS ON WHAT HE KNEW...
CRACK
BUT I DON'T NEED A WATERMAN TO TELL ME WHEN IT'S RAINING.



CHAPTER THREE

The Mysteries of Unlond

HALLAM, SOMERSET, 1881.
GLASS EEL HOTEL
...JUST STAND UP STRAIGHT AND TELL HIM WHAT I TOLD YOU TO.
YOU KNOW, THE TRUTH?
SCHOOLING THE WITNESSES, CONSTABLE?
LOVELY WEATHER FOR DUCKS.

SIR EDWARD... THIS IS THE ABLEADAMS FAMILY. THEY'RE TYPICAL OF HALLAM. A CORRECTIVE TO ANY...POOR IMPRESSION YOU MIGHT HAVE FORMED OF OUR TOWN.
GOOD DAY TO YOU ALL. YOU'VE THE LOOK OF A MODEL FAMILY. HARD-WORKING, ABSTEMIOUS, AND UPRIGHT, eh?
INDEED, SIR EDWARD, SIR. HALLAM BE A FINE PLACE FOR MORAL FOLK.
YOU'M KILL FISHIES WITH THAT STICKER?
HOPE! MIND YOUR MANNERS!
THAT STICKER BE FOR BIG FISHIES! THERE B'AIN'T BIG FISHIES ROUND YERE...
...'CEPT IN UNLAND.

PERHAPS I SHOULD FISH IN UNLAND?
AH, MORSE AND CART.
IT WAS WHERE YOU SAID...
THAT BE DIGGORY FENN!
HE'M ALL BONES!
BRING HIM TO THE POLICE STATION, WALKER. I'LL SEND FOR THE DOCTOR...

NOT MUCH WORK FOR A DOCTOR. THERE'S LITTLE LEFT OF THE MAN.
THIS TOWN HAS HOLLOWED HIM OUT.
DON'T BE A WET, WALKER! I'M SURE THE DOCTOR WILL FIND THIS WAS A NATURAL ACCIDENT.
IT'S UNDER CONTROL.
TWO DEATHS IN AS MANY DAYS. BOTH BIZARRE. I'D HATE TO SEE HALLAM WHEN IT'S NOT UNDER CONTROL!
NEXT YOU'LL TELL ME IT'S NOT RAINING.

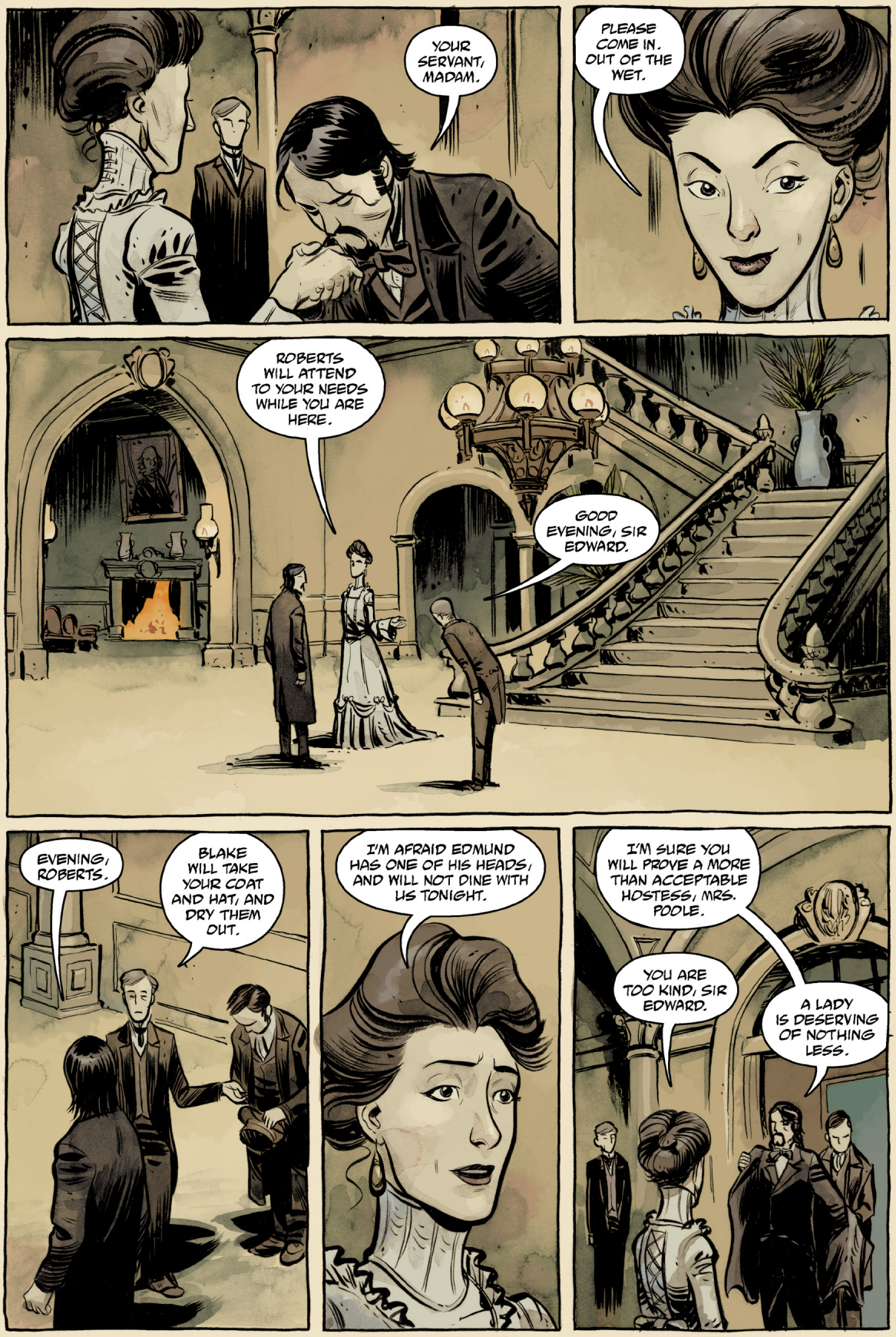
BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIRS, BUT I MUST GET BACK TO WORK.
PEG MUST FEED THE CHILDER.
I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE MARKED FOR TARDINESS.
I-BE-GRATEFUL-FOR-WHAT-HALLAM-HAS-DONE-FOR-I-AND-MY-FAMILY.
I WANT TO TOUCH THEY BONES!
YOUR "CONTENTED WORKERS" SHOW WAS HARDLY UP TO DRURY LANE STANDARDS, LAWLESS. I LIKED THE LITTLE GIRL WHO GOT HER LINES WRONG, THOUGH.
THERE BE NO SWIM TONIGHT, YOUNG MISS.
WHY NOT? I BE WET ALREADY!

DON'T CONFUSE ME WITH THE LATE ARTHUR NEAL. I'M NOT HERE TO ACCORD A ROYAL WARRANT, BUT TO INVESTIGATE A MURDER. NOW, TWO MURDERS.
DIGGORY FENN'S DEATH IS LOCAL BUSINESS!
HE DIED IN FRONT OF ME!
LONE WITNESSES TO SUSPICIOUS DEATHS CAN BECOME SUSPECTS. I COULD TAKE YOU IN.
THEN YOU'D HAVE TO EXPLAIN TO THE POOLES WHY I WASN'T AVAILABLE TO DINE WITH THEM THIS EVENING.
YES, TAKE YOUR INQUIRY UP THE HILL.
DAMN. THAT WAS NEW BOUGHT.

THEN THEY SAID, "COME, LET US BUILD OURSELVES A CITY...

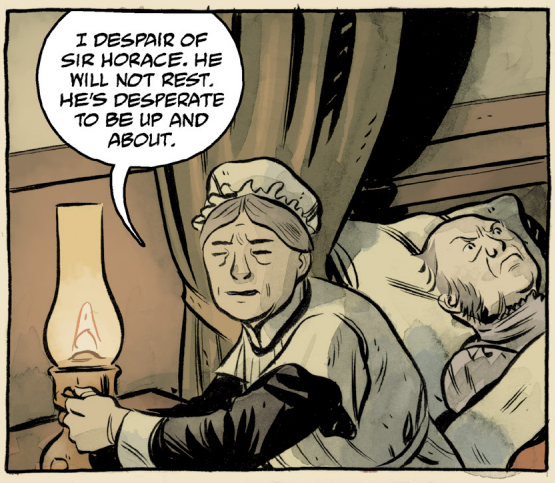
"...WITH A TOWER THAT REACHES TO THE HEAVENS, SO THAT WE MAY MAKE A NAME FOR OURSELVES."

WELCOME TO POOLE HOUSE, SIR EDWARD.


YOUR SERVANT, MADAM.
PLEASE COME IN. OUT OF THE WET.
ROBERTS WILL ATTEND TO YOUR NEEDS WHILE YOU ARE HERE.
GOOD EVENING, SIR EDWARD.
EVENING, ROBERTS.
BLAKE WILL TAKE YOUR COAT AND HAT, AND DRY THEM OUT.
I'M AFRAID EDMUND HAS ONE OF HIS HEADS, AND WILL NOT DINE WITH US TONIGHT.
I'M SURE YOU WILL PROVE A MORE THAN ACCEPTABLE HOSTESS, MRS. POOLE.
YOU ARE TOO KIND, SIR EDWARD.
A LADY IS DESERVING OF NOTHING LESS.

UNLESS ONE IS A WITCH OF COURSE...
Ah...
YOU HOLD THE OFFICE OF WITCHFINDER. ARE YOU PERMITTED TO BE UNKIND TO THEM?
WITCHES ARE NOT LADIES.
IT MUST BE A COMFORT TO BE SO SURE OF THE DISTINCTION.
HOW FARES SIR HORACE?
THERE HAS BEEN SOME IMPROVEMENT. HE IS SPEAKING A LITTLE, ALTHOUGH HIS WORDS ARE TOPSY-TURVY.
MAY I PAY MY RESPECTS, AND PERHAPS ASK HIM ABOUT... CONFIDENTIAL MATTERS?
AS YOU WISH. IT'S BEST WE DO SO BEFORE IT GETS TOO LATE. HIS MIND COMES AND GOES WITH THE WEATHER, AND THIS STORM PROMISES TO BE A BELTER.

HOW IS HE, MRS. BREAM?


I DESPAIR OF SIR HORACE. HE WILL NOT REST. HE'S DESPERATE TO BE UP AND ABOUT.

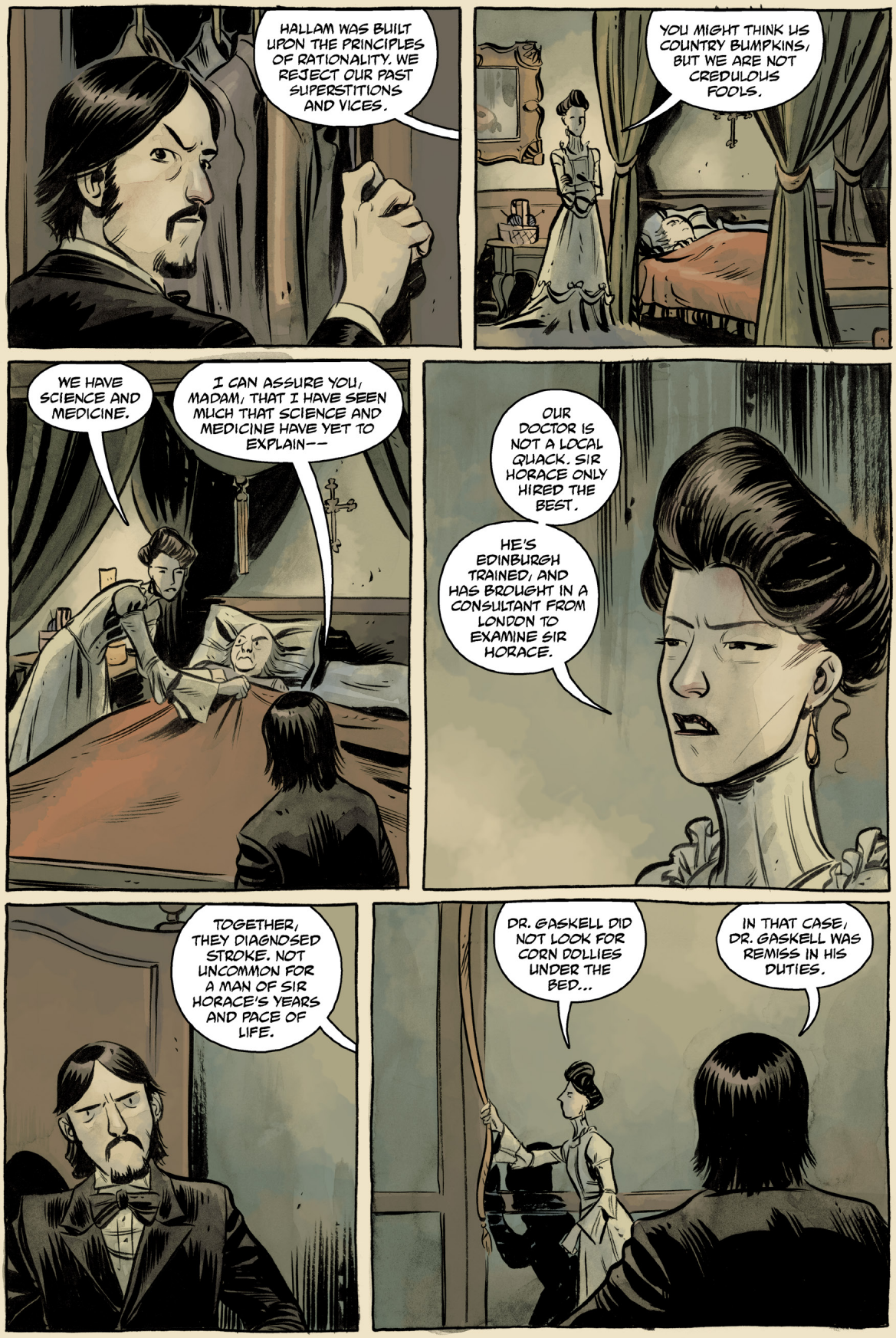
HE MUST LEARN PATIENCE AND ADJUST TO HIS CONDITION.
SHEEP WORRIER! HOB GOBBLER! GURT WAZZOCK!

HIS TONGUE IS RECOVERING. IT'S NOT LEARNED GENTLENESS, HOWEVER.

COULD YOU LOOK IN ON EDMUND? YOU ALWAYS KNOW HOW TO SOOTHE HIM.
POOR PET. HE WAS MISERABLE AFTER VISITING HIS FATHER.
GOOD EVENING, SIR HORACE.
THIS IS SIR EDWARD GREY FROM LONDON, PAPA. HE'S INVESTIGATING THE DEATH OF ARTHUR NEAL.
DAMN HIS EYES!
DID NEAL DO SOMETHING TO OFFEND?

WORDS... WRONG!
HE'S AGITATED. THE DOCTOR WARNED AGAINST THIS. WE SHOULD LET HIM REST.
SNAKE CHARMER!
IT MUST BE APHASIA.
CURSE ME!

DO YOU MEAN YOU HAVE BEEN CURSED, SIR HORACE?
WE MUST SEARCH THE ROOM.
YOU CAN'T SERIOUSLY BELIEVE SIR HORACE HAS BEEN... HEXED?
IT'S A COMMON TYPE OF WITCHCRAFT--THE VICTIM IS INCAPACITATED, AWARE OF HIS PLIGHT, BUT UNABLE TO COMMUNICATE.
WE NEED TO LOOK FOR A WITCH'S KNOT--ALSO KNOWN AS A WITCH'S LADDER.
IT WOULD BE HIDDEN NEAR THE AFFLICTED PERSON.
THE NUMBER OF KNOTS INDICATES--
YOU HAVE WITCHES ON THE BRAIN, SIR.


HALLAM WAS BUILT UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF RATIONALITY. WE REJECT OUR PAST SUPERSTITIONS AND VICES.
YOU MIGHT THINK US COUNTRY BUMPKINS, BUT WE ARE NOT CREDULOUS FOOLS.
WE HAVE SCIENCE AND MEDICINE.
I CAN ASSURE YOU, MADAM, THAT I HAVE SEEN MUCH THAT SCIENCE AND MEDICINE HAVE YET TO EXPLAIN--
OUR DOCTOR IS NOT A LOCAL QUACK. SIR HORACE ONLY HIRED THE BEST.
HE'S EDINBURGH TRAINED, AND HAS BROUGHT IN A CONSULTANT FROM LONDON TO EXAMINE SIR HORACE.
TOGETHER, THEY DIAGNOSED STROKE. NOT UNCOMMON FOR A MAN OF SIR HORACE'S YEARS AND PACE OF LIFE.
DR. GASKELL DID NOT LOOK FOR CORN DOLLIES UNDER THE BED...
IN THAT CASE, DR. GASKELL WAS REMISS IN HIS DUTIES.

MRS. POOLE, DESPITE WHAT YOU THINK OF MY CALLING, I DO NOT SEIZE INSTANTLY ON THE MOST FAR-FETCHED EXPLANATION FOR ANY PHENOMENA.
YET ONCE ONE ADMITS THE POSSIBILITY OF A SUPERNATURAL SOLUTION, ONE CAN EASILY PRODUCE EVIDENCE TO CONFIRM SUSPICION.
FOR INSTANCE... MRS. BREAM, EDMUND'S OLD NANNY, KNITS WHILE WATCHING OVER SIR HORACE.
HAS SHE KNITTED A WITCH'S LADDER? CUNNINGLY DISGUISED AS A MUFFLER?
MRS. BREAM IS POSSESSED OF A CAT, SIR EDWARD...AND I'M SURE I SAW HER WITH A BROOM ONCE...
DO YOU WISH TO SWIM HER IN THE RIVER PEIST? OF COURSE, IF SHE FLOATS, YOU'D HAVE TO DRY HER OUT TO BURN HER...
UNDER ENGLISH LAW, WITCHES AREN'T BURNED. THEY ARE HANGED.

EDMUND IS ASLEEP--
I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND, BEATRICE, BUT SIR EDWARD NEEDS TO BORROW NEEDLE AND THREAD FOR A LOOSE BUTTON.
GIVE IT HERE AND I'LL SEW IT IN A LAMB'S SHAKE.
IT'S FOR MY SUIT AT THE HOTEL.
MRS. BUTLER WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT FOR YOU, YOUNG MAN. NO NEED FOR YOU TO BE BOTHERING--
EELWIFE!
WELL I NEVER... BEEN LONG YEARS SINCE I HEARD A BODY CALLED THAT.

TOO MUCH EXCITEMENT. SIR HORACE'S CONDITION MIGHT WORSEN IF HE DON'T SETTLE.
NO! MERE RISES!
HE NEEDS LAUDANUM.
CURSE YOU!
BE A GOOD LAD AND TAKE YOUR MEDICINE, SIR HORACE.
SIR EDWARD, COULD YOU ASSIST US?
MONA MINE.

OPEN WIDE, DUCKS.
SOME BOYS NEVER LEARN TO TAKE THEIR MEDICINE.
SORRY TO INTERRUPT, MA'AM, BUT COOK SAYS DINNER WILL SPOIL SOON...
WE'LL BE DOWN IMMEDIATELY, ROBERTS.
SLEEP WELL, SIR HORACE.

PLEASE THANK YOUR COOK. I SAVOR ENGLISH COUNTRY COOKING MUCH MORE SINCE I RETURNED FROM THE UNITED STATES.
HOME FARE THERE RUNS TO PRAIRIE DOG...AND CANNED BEANS. QUANTITIES OF CANNED BEANS.
AH, AMERICA. IS IT ALL WILD INDIANS AND PISTOLEERS?
IT'S NOT LIKE HALLAM, I ADMIT.
NO DOUBT PROGRESS WILL CHANGE THAT EVENTUALLY. EVERYWHERE WILL BE THE SAME. ORDERED AND RATIONAL.
BY THE WAY...THAT TERM, "EELWIFE"? YOU FLINCHED AT IT. WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
A VILE PRACTICE FROM THE OLD MARSH. SIR HORACE WAS SPITTING WORDS WITHOUT MEANING.
MY APOLOGIES, MRS. POOLE--
THOSE WAYS ARE GONE. HALLAM WIVES ARE VERY RESPECTABLE NOW.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR HOSPITALITY.
BE CAREFUL IN THE RAIN. THE GROUND WASHES AWAY. IT'S EASY TO LOSE YOUR FOOTING.
THE CARRIAGE WILL BE AROUND MOMENTARILY, SIR.
IT MUST HAVE BEEN HARD ON SIR HORACE WHEN HIS WIFE DIED, ESPECIALLY AFTER THE LOSS OF THEIR SON.
HALLAM...? THE WIFE THAT DIED WEREN'T MOTHER TO THE SON THAT DROWNED, SIR.
THERE WAS A FIRST MRS. POOLE?
THE CARRIAGE IS WAITING, SIR. BLAKE WILL ESCORT YOU TO IT. GOOD EVENING.

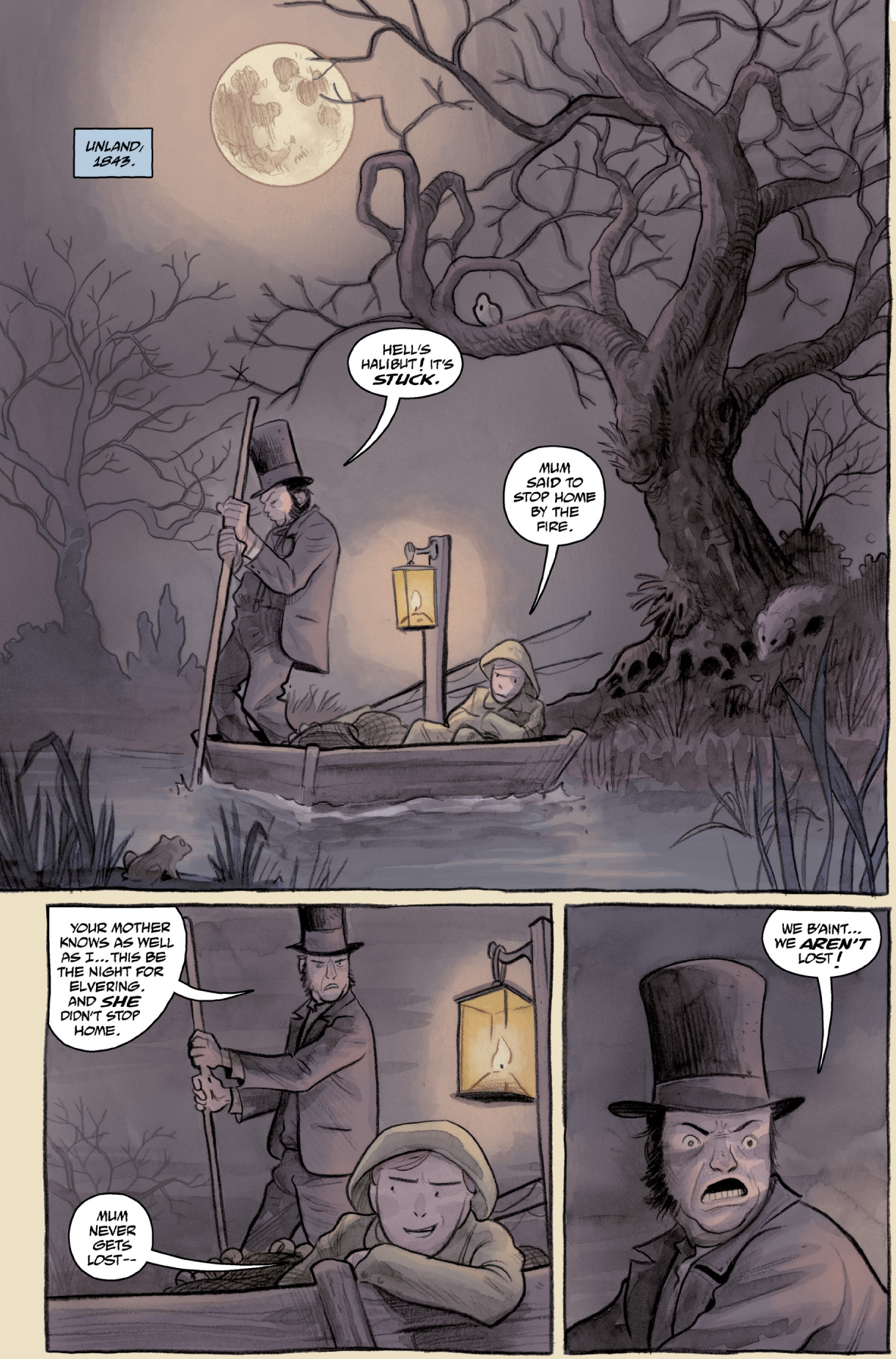
BLAKE, I DON'T WISH YOU TO BETRAY ANY CONFIDENCES, BUT IS SIR HORACE'S FIRST WIFE LIVING?
ARR, IN THE DEEP MARSHES.
UNLAND? WHAT'S HER NAME?
ADA MORSE.
MORSE? IS SHE RELATED TO WALKER?
WALKER BE ADA'S SON BY CARVER MORSE. ADA TOOK UP WITH CARVER AFTER HORACE POOLE LEFT HER.
WHEN SIR HORACE BUILT HALLAM, HE HIRED ADA'S SON AS GENERAL MANAGER OF THE WORKS. FELT GUILTY, THEY RECKON, FOR PUTTING ADA ASIDE.
HORACE BE A WATERMAN, FOR ALL HIS BRISTOL WAYS. HE LEFT UNLAND BUT IT CALLED HIM BACK.

DON'T GO TO UNLAND, SIR EDWARD. THINGS LIVE ON THE WATER. THINGS AS CAN'T ABIDE DRYLAND MEN.
WHERE TO, SSSSIR?
THE GLASS EEL HOTEL.
RRRIGHT YOU ARRR, SSSIR.

CHAPTER FOUR

The Mysteries of Unlond

EN ROUTE TO HALLAM, 1881.
CRAAAA AAAACK
RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY...DON'T COME BACK ANOTHER DAY...
IT'S ALL WATER IN THESE PARTS. RAIN... RIVER... ELIXIR... UNLAND.
THE WATERS WILL PART FOR A WITCH-FINDER, THOUGH... THE MARSH WILL GIVE UP ITS SECRETS.
TOMORROW... AFTER... SLEEP.


UNLAND, 1843.
HELL'S HALIBUT! IT'S STUCK.
MUM SAID TO STOP HOME BY THE FIRE.
YOUR MOTHER KNOWS AS WELL AS I... THIS BE THE NIGHT FOR ELVERING. AND SHE DIDN'T STOP HOME.
MUM NEVER GETS LOST--
WE B'AINT... WE AREN'T LOST!

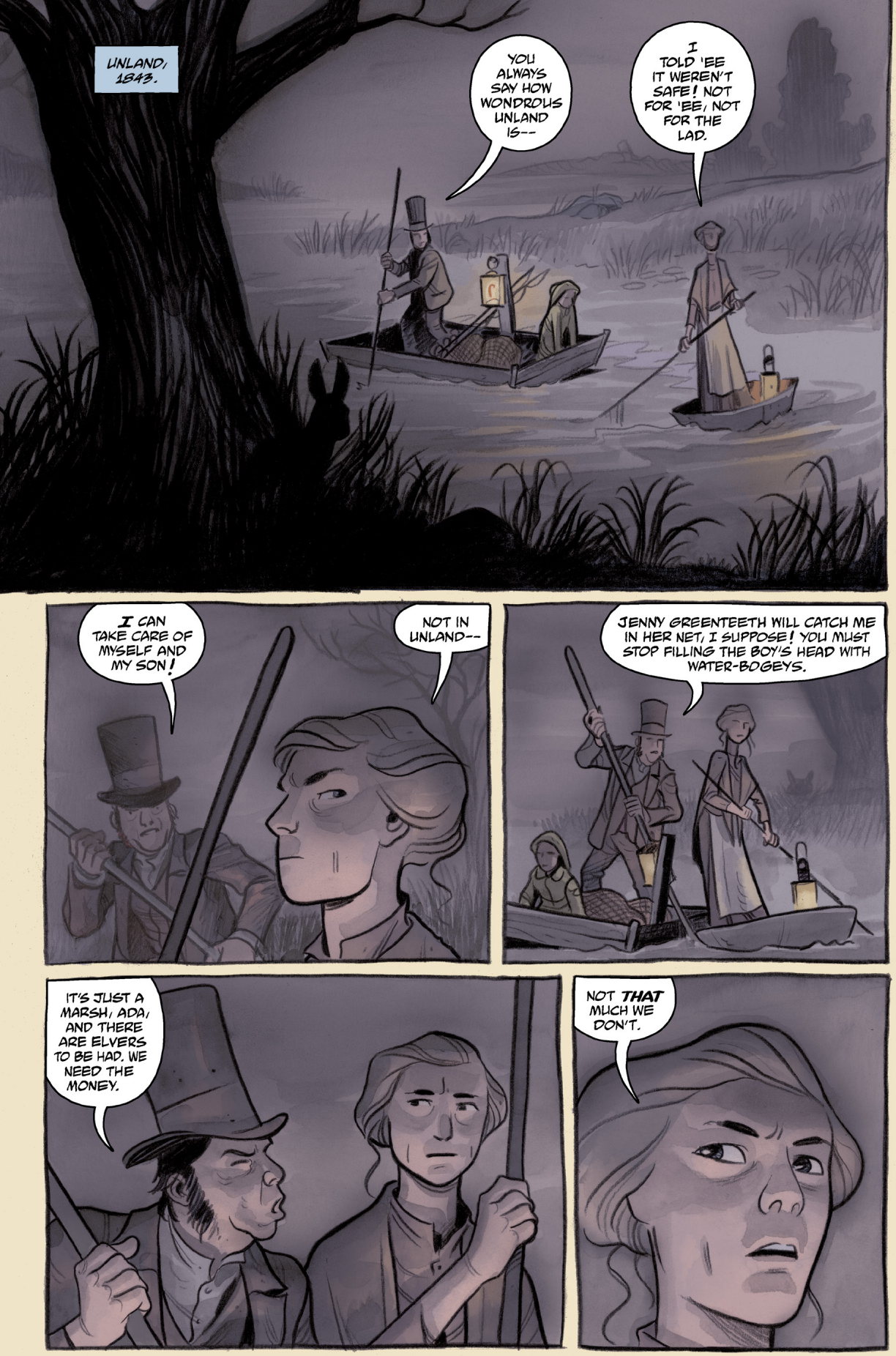
NIXIE LANTERN!
SETTLE YOUR BRITCHES, HALLAM. IT BE ONLY MOONLIGHT ON THE MIST.
MUM SAYS JENNY GREENTEETH SETS THEY LANTERNS WHEN SHE'M ELVERING FOR BABIES.
FOLK 'ROUND HERE NEED TO FORGET JENNY GREENTEETH AND ALL THAT. THERE'M ENOUGH TO WONDER AT WITHOUT TALES FOR WOMEN AND DAFTIES.
MESSAGES BY WIRE. SHIPS CROSSING THE OCEAN WITHOUT WIND OR SAIL. BRIDGES HUNG IN AIR. THOSE BE PROPER WONDERS.
I TOLD 'EE TO STAY OFF THE WATER THIS NIGHT, HORACE.

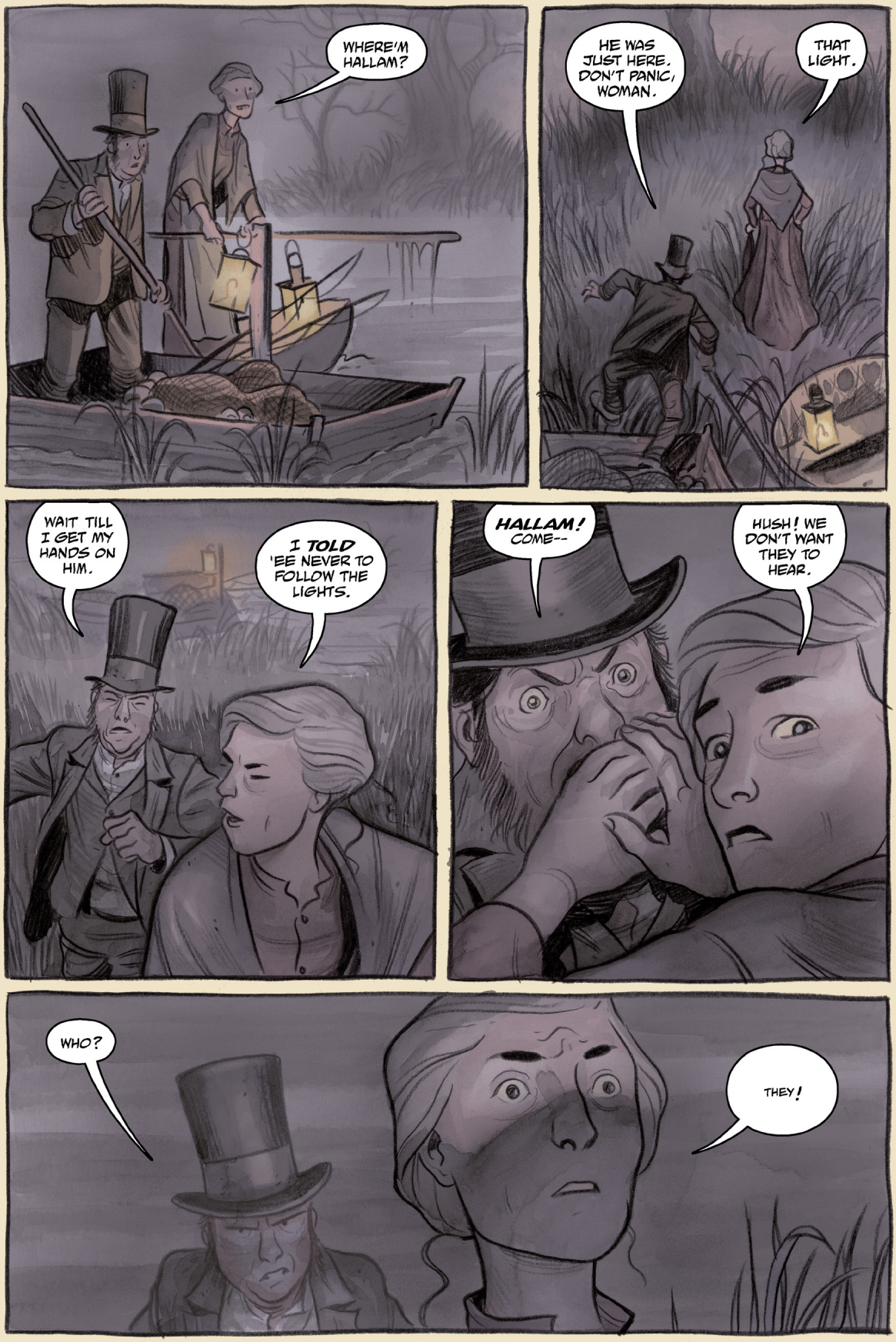
RAIN ON THE ROOF... FOG IN MY HEAD... I FELL ASLEEP, DAMMIT.
CREEEAK
DRIVER... THIS ISN'T THE INN.
LAST STOP! UNLAND!

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU LOOK LIKE, LAWLESS?
ARGH!
DIE, YOU TOWNIE TWERP! YOU DON'T KNOW NOTHING... AND NOW YOU NEVER WILL!
CRACK
BLACK MARK FOR A DOUBLE NEGATIVE, CONSTABLE.
BAM

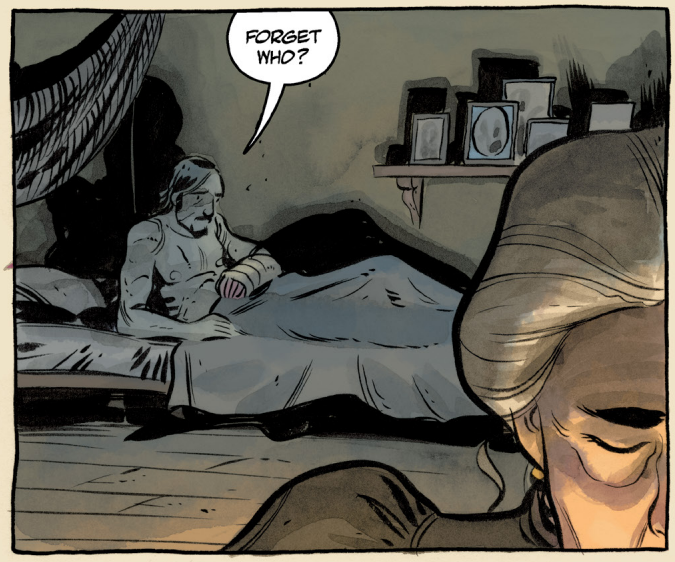
NEIGH
AIIIEE! MERE!
CRUNCH
WHOA! STEADY.
UHHH...

REPENT, LAWLESS. PERHAPS YOU'LL BE SPARED DAMNATION...
WORRY FOR YOURSELF, WITCHFINDER! WE'M BOTH KILLED. MY BANE BE IN YOUR BLOOD.
IF THAT IS MY FATE, BUT I AM SURE IN THE CERTAIN HOPE OF HEAVEN. YOU...YOU ARE LOST.
YOU'M DAFT, GREY. WE'M BOTH FOR THE PIT.
THE PIT.
THE MERE RISES...


UNLAND, 1843.
YOU ALWAYS SAY HOW WONDROUS UNLAND IS--
I TOLD 'EE IT WEREN'T SAFE! NOT FOR 'EE, NOT FOR THE LAD.
I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF AND MY SON!
NOT IN UNLAND--
JENNY GREENTEETH WILL CATCH ME IN HER NET, I SUPPOSE! YOU MUST STOP FILLING THE BOY'S HEAD WITH WATER-BOGEYS.
IT'S JUST A MARSH, ADA, AND THERE ARE ELVERS TO BE HAD. WE NEED THE MONEY.
NOT THAT MUCH WE DON'T.


WHERE'M HALLAM?
HE WAS JUST HERE. DON'T PANIC, WOMAN.
THAT LIGHT.
WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON HIM.
I TOLD 'EE NEVER TO FOLLOW THE LIGHTS.
HALLAM! COME--
HUSH! WE DON'T WANT THEY TO HEAR.
WHO?
THEY!

O MAKE ME A GRAVE
THAT IS LONG, WIDE, AND DEEP,
AND COVER ME OVER
WITH FLOWERS SO SWEET,
THAT THERE I MAY LIE,
AND MAY TAKE MY LAST SLEEP--
FOR THAT IS THE WAY
TO FORGET HIM.


FORGET
WHO?

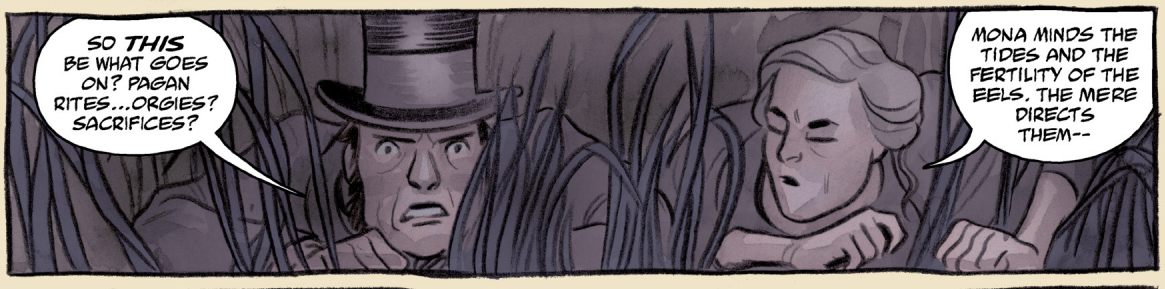
THE ONE
WHO BREAKS
YOUR HEART,
OF COURSE. IT'S A
SAD SONG. FIRST
LOVE BE ALWAYS
CRUEL.

HOW DID I GET HERE?
FOUND 'EE BY THE WATER, SIR. NASTY BITE ON YOUR HAND. MORTAL NASTY, IF 'EE DON'T KNOW THE WAYS.
YOU'M BEEN IN THE WARS. REST.
MAY I KNOW THE NAME OF MY BENEFACTRESS?
A FANCY TITLE FOR AN OLD BESOM DOING A CHRISTIAN SERVICE.
MY THANKS, MADAM, FOR YOUR CHARITY. NOT EVERYONE HEREABOUTS IS GOD FEARING.
OH, THEY FEARS YOUR GOD, ALL RIGHT. JUST NOT SO MUCH AS THEY FEARS THEIRS.

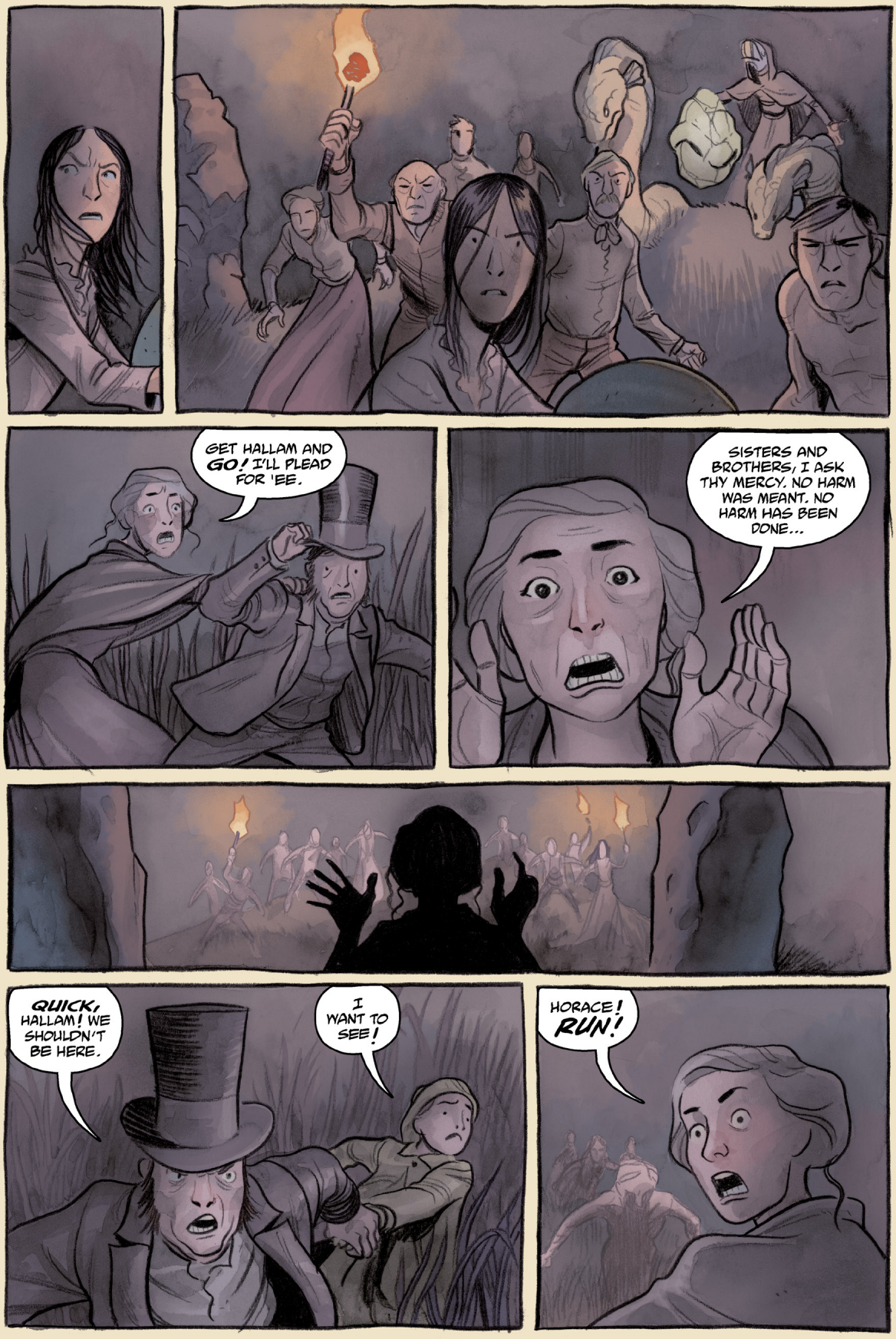
YOU BE THIRSTY. I BREWED A TONIC. GOOD FOR THE BANE.
NOT POOLE'S ELIXIR, I HOPE.
NO. THIS BE THE ORIGINAL RECIPE. THE PROPER ELIXIR. NOT HORACE'S RIVER SWILL.
DRAIN IT DOWN AND YOUR STRENGTH BE BACK SOON.
YOU'RE ADA MORSE, HORACE POOLE'S FIRST WIFE. HALLAM'S MOTHER.

'TWERE CRUEL OF HORACE TO NAME HIS TOWN AFTER OUR LAD. THROWS 'EN IN OUR FACES ALL THE TIME.
TAKE YOUR MEDICINE WHAT'S GOOD FOR 'EE. DRINK UP!
GOOD LAD, HALLAM. YOU'M BE RIGHT SOON.
WHAT HAPPENED TO HALLAM?
I TOLD 'EE NOT TO GO OUT ON UNLAND. NOT WHEN MONA WAS BRIGHT, AND THE EELS WERE DANCING.
BUT 'EE WANTED THE ELVERS...

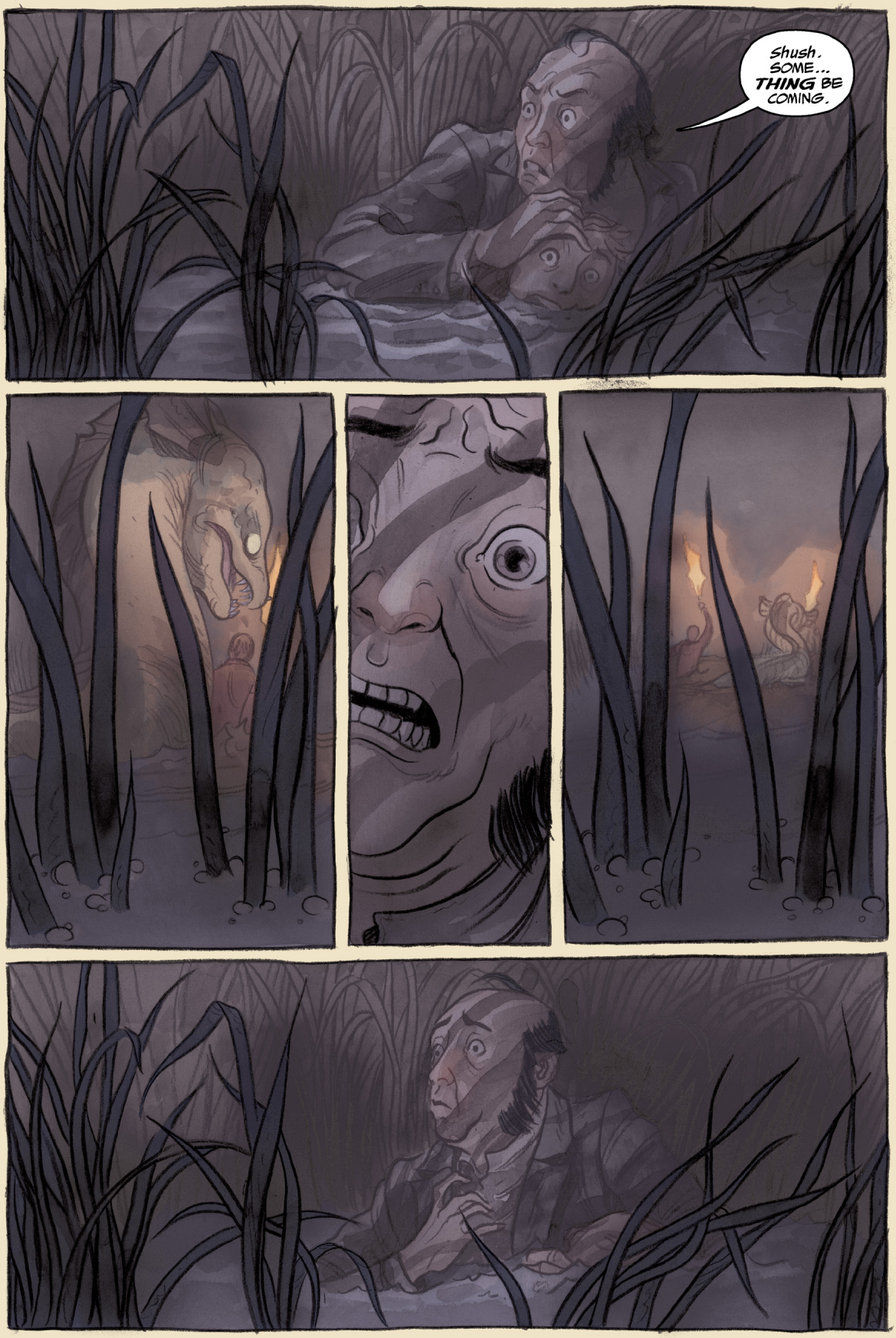
UNLAND, 1843.
MONA! MONA! MONA!
BOOM BOOM BOOM


SO THIS BE WHAT GOES ON? PAGAN RITES...ORGIES? SACRIFICES?
MONA MINDS THE TIDES AND THE FERTILITY OF THE EELS. THE MERE DIRECTS THEM--

THERE'M HALLAM!


GET HALLAM AND GO! I'LL PLEAD FOR 'EE.
SISTERS AND BROTHERS, I ASK THY MERCY. NO HARM WAS MEANT. NO HARM HAS BEEN DONE...
QUICK, HALLAM! WE SHOULDN'T BE HERE.
I WANT TO SEE!
HORACE! RUN!

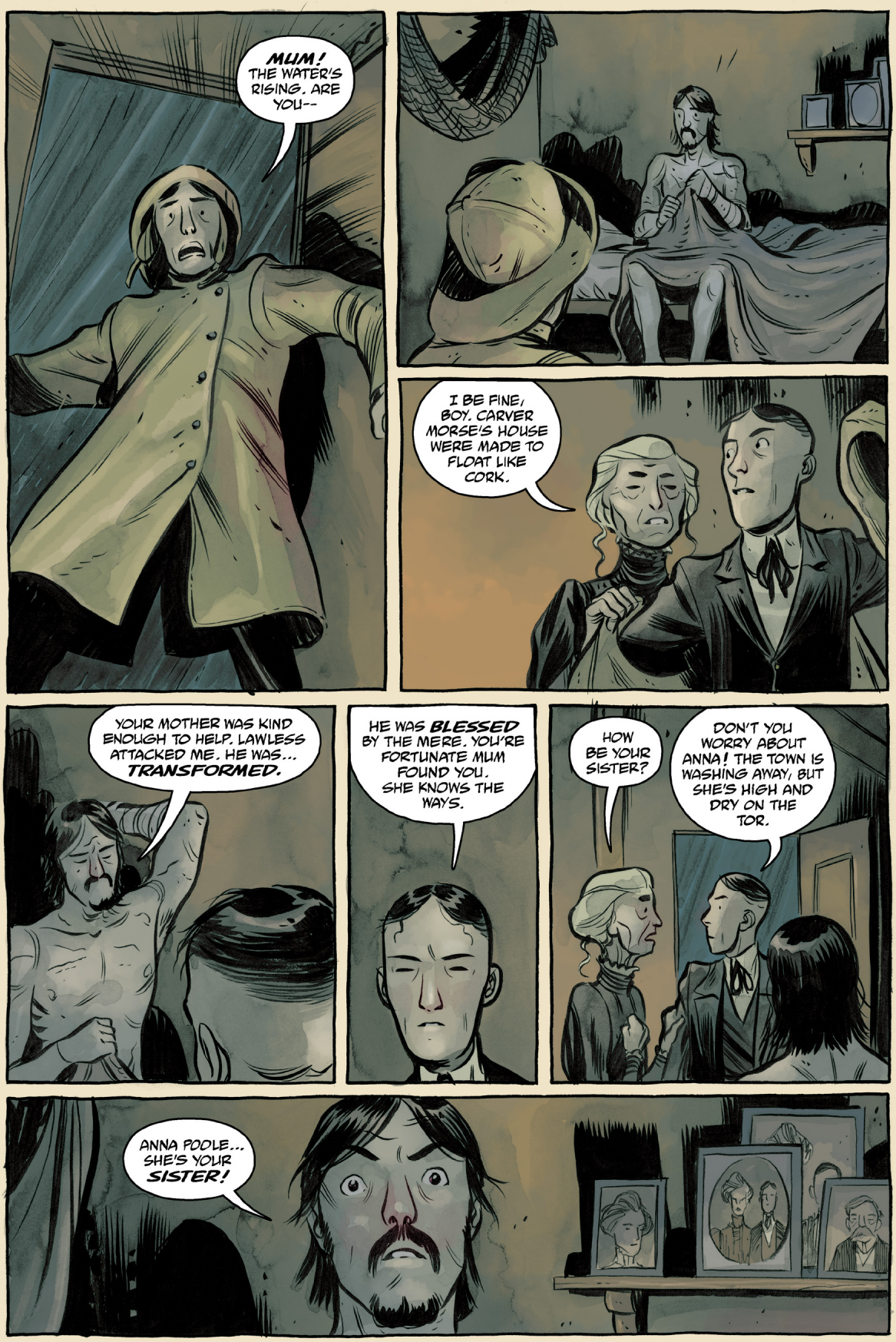
DRYLANDERS!
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
DAD, I GOT A STITCH!
SHUSH!


Shush. SOME... THING BE COMING.

THEY'M GONE, SON...

HALLAM!
HE'M DEAD, EELWIFE! THIS BE YOUR FAULT! YOU AND YOUR FOUL KIND.
I'LL LAY WASTE TO UNLAND AND ALL YOUR KIN!

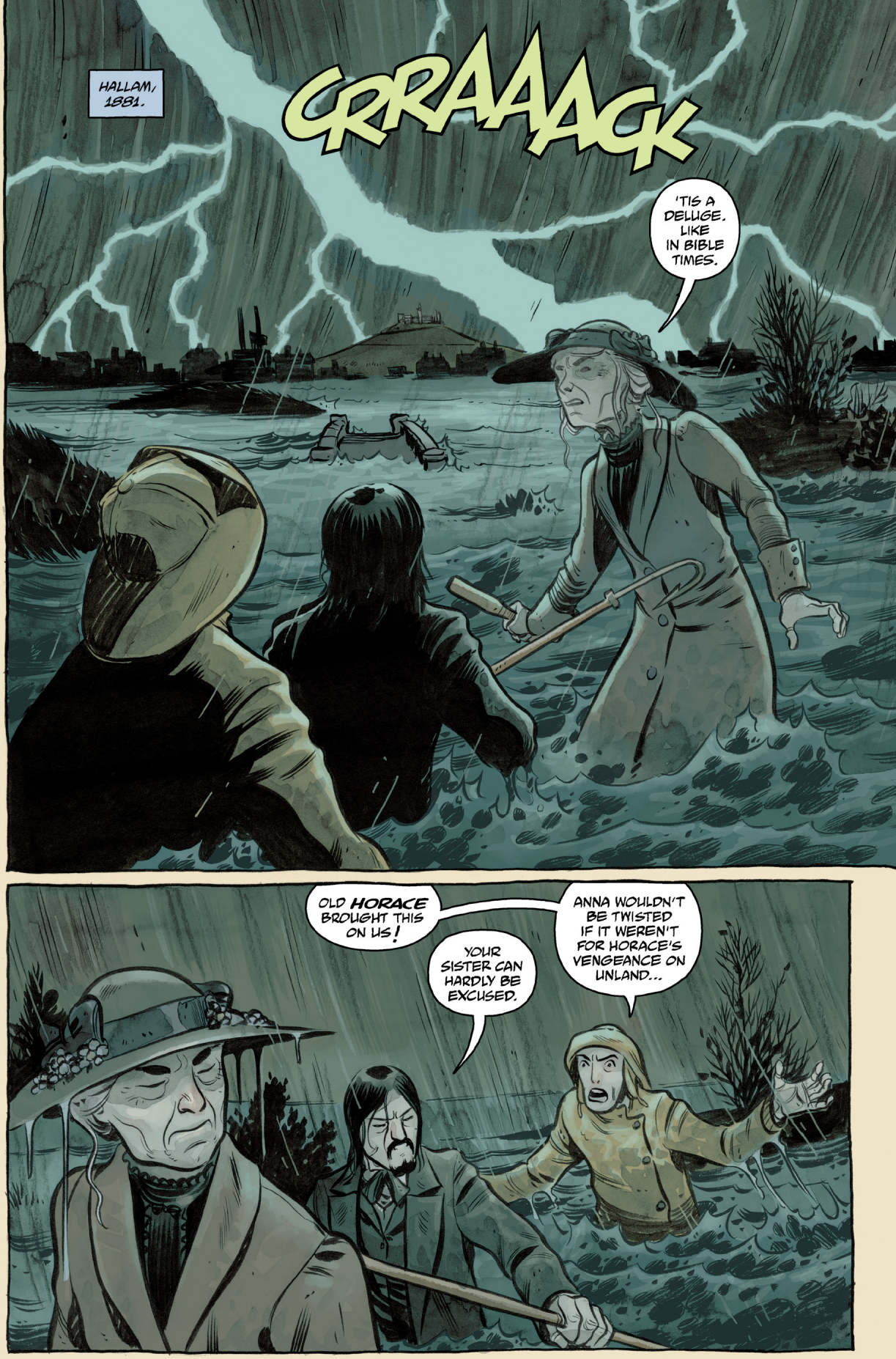
"I WILL MAKE DRYLAND HERE!"
MORNIN' TO 'EE. FEVER'S BROKE. BANE'S SPENT.
THANK YOU, MADAM. I'M AFRAID I MUST LEAVE AT ONCE. WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES?
BY THE FIRE. THEY'M DRY NOW.
I THOUGHT 'EE WERE ALL IN A RUSH.


MUM! THE WATER'S RISING. ARE YOU--
I BE FINE, BOY. CARVER MORSE'S HOUSE WERE MADE TO FLOAT LIKE CORK.
YOUR MOTHER WAS KIND ENOUGH TO HELP. LAWLESS ATTACKED ME. HE WAS... TRANSFORMED.
HE WAS BLESSED BY THE MERE. YOU'RE FORTUNATE MUM FOUND YOU. SHE KNOWS THE WAYS.
HOW BE YOUR SISTER?
DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT ANNA! THE TOWN IS WASHING AWAY, BUT SHE'S HIGH AND DRY ON THE TOR.
ANNA POOLE... SHE'S YOUR SISTER!

I WORKED HARD TO GET ANNA AWAY FROM UNLAND, TO SEND HER TO SCHOOL, TO MAKE UP FOR...
YET SHE TOOK UP WITH THAT DRIP EDMUND POOLE, AND ENDURED SIR HORACE'S CRUELTY.
ANNA'S LIFE WEREN'T YOURS TO RUN, WALKER! I WARNED 'EE--
SHE WAS WAITING FOR HER MOMENT! ANNA WANTS IT ALL BACK. EVEN IF WE ALL DROWN. ESPECIALLY IF WE ALL DROWN.
WE'M DOOMED, MUM. ANNA'S GOING TO BREAK THE PACT, AND RETRIEVE MONA.
TELL ME EVERY-THING.

CHAPTER FIVE

The Mysteries of Unland


HALLAM, 1881.
CRRAAAACK
'TIS A DELUGE. LIKE IN BIBLE TIMES.
OLD HORACE BROUGHT THIS ON US!
YOUR SISTER CAN HARDLY BE EXCUSED.
ANNA WOULDN'T BE TWISTED IF IT WEREN'T FOR HORACE'S VENGEANCE ON UNLAND...

"...SIR HORACE NEVER FORGOT THE NIGHT HIS SON DIED.
"EVEN AS HE MADE HIS FORTUNE IN BRISTOL, AND MARRIED A PROPER LADY, HE BROODED ON THAT LOSS...AND ON WHAT HE'D SEEN IN UNLAND.
"HE STUDIED THE WAYS OF THE WATERMEN. HOW TO FIND FISH, TO KNOW WHEN RAIN WAS COMING. BUT THAT WAS READ IN BOOKS, NOT FELT IN THE BONE...
"HE'D SEEN THE BRIGHT EGG, THOUGH, AND HE KNEW IT WAS MONA. THE SECRET SOURCE.
"HE SENT MEN INTO UNLAND, MEN WITH MONEY, MEN WITH GUNS."
I'LL SIT WITH HIM FOR A SPELL, BEATRICE.
"HE DISCOVERED WHOEVER HOLDS MONA RULES UNLAND. THE WATERS OBEY."
WHEN WILL THE RAIN LET UP? IT'S LIKE NAILS IN MY HEAD.
"HE STOLE MONA AND TAMED THE WATERS."
THIS DAY WAS INEVITABLE, HORACE.

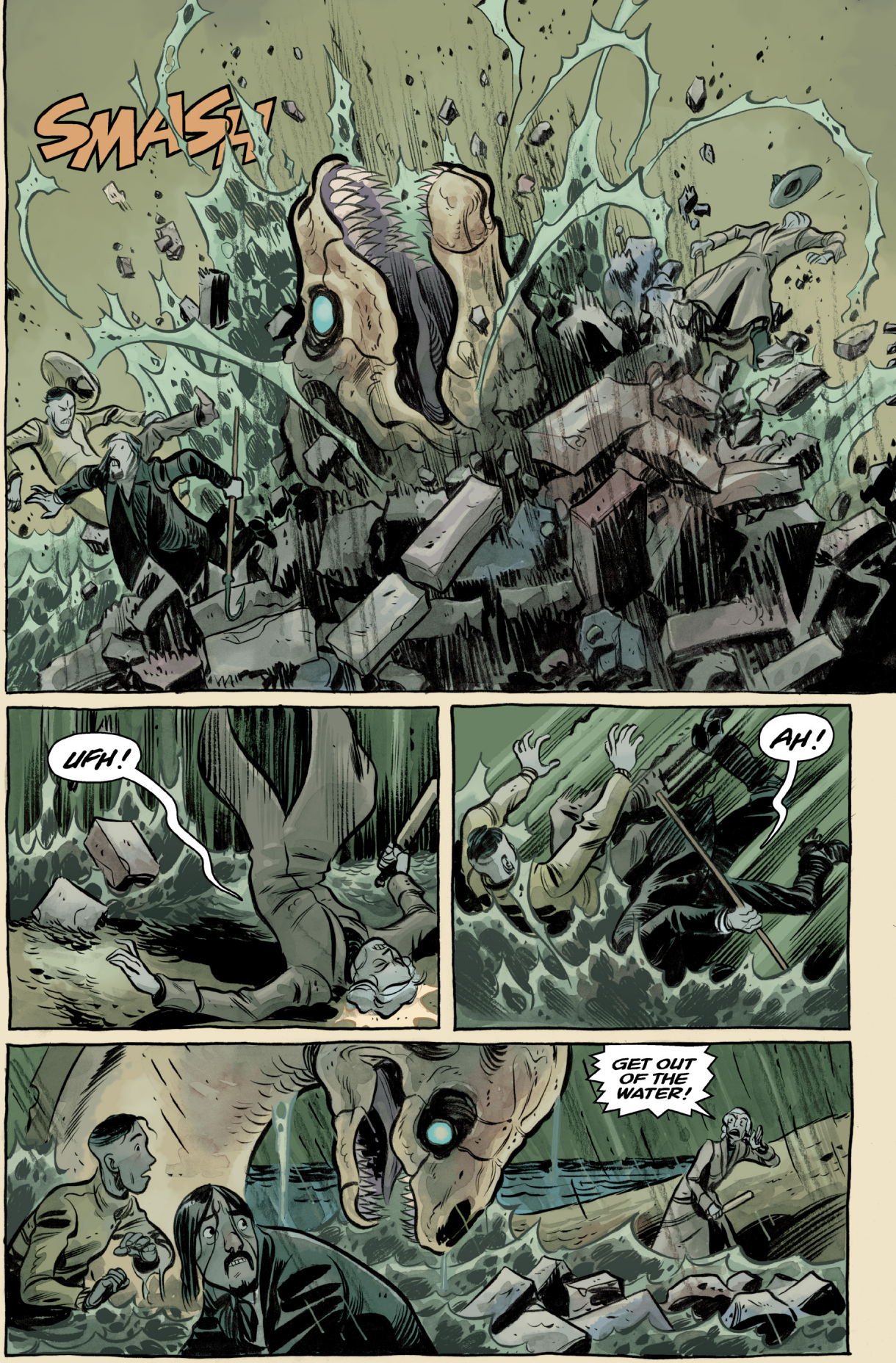
"HE MADE A PACT WITH THE PEOPLE OF THE MARSH--HE'D SAFEGUARD MONA IF THEY TOOK UP DRYLAND WAYS."
YOU NEVER UNDERSTOOD MONA. YOU CAN'T OWN IT OR CONTROL IT. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO ALLOW IT TO WORK THROUGH YOU.
"HE GAVE THEM WORK, HOMES, EDUCATION, SANITATION, PROFIT. HE BETTERED THEIR LIVES, BY HIS LIGHTS."
WATER ALWAYS FLOWS, HORACE. DAMS ALWAYS BREAK.
"BUT UNLAND HAD TO COME BACK. EITHER TWENTY YEARS OF SEEPAGE OR ONE NIGHT OF FLOOD."
I AM THE MERE, HORACE. DAUGHTER OF THE MARSH. MONA SPEAKS TO ME.

UNLAND IS RISING.

THE PACT REMAINS AS LONG AS HORACE LIVES AND HOLDS MONA--
NO. AS LONG AS A POOLE LIVES.

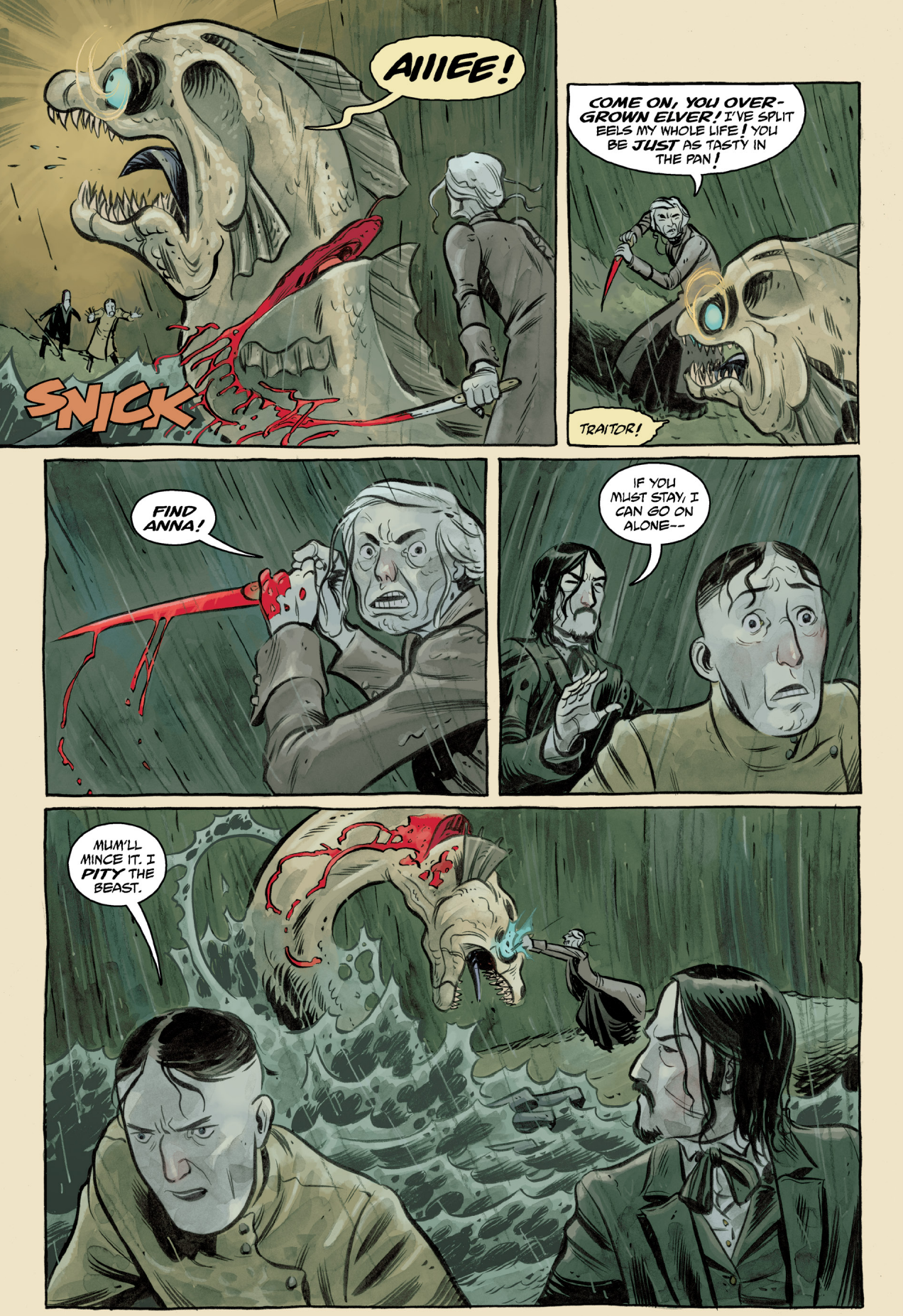
ANNA IS A POOLE.
EDMUND HATES THE BUSINESS. HE'D HAVE HER RUN IT, RUN THE TOWN.
IS EDMUND SAFE? WOULD SHE--

EEEEEEEEEE


SMASH!
UFH!
AH!
GET OUT OF THE WATER!

EEEIIII
CRASH
SNAP
THE MERE HAS MONA! THE WATERS RETURN! DRYLANDERS WILL DROWN!
WHACK

ASSUR ETH SHIGA NUM ASSA!
ONLY THE MERE COMMANDS!
WE'M ALL UNLANDERS! I BE THE MERE'S MOTHER! LEAVE US BE!
YOU ARE OF UNLAND.
BUT THAT ONE IS THE WITCH-FINDER!
MUM, NO!


AIIIEE!
SNICK
COME ON, YOU OVER-GROWN ELVER! I'VE SPLIT EELS MY WHOLE LIFE! YOU BE JUST AS TASTY IN THE PAN!
TRAITOR!
FIND ANNA!
IF YOU MUST STAY, I CAN GO ON ALONE--
MUM'LL MINCE IT. I PITY THE BEAST.

SPLASH
WHOOSH

YOU MUST FOLLOW MY ORDERS WITHOUT QUESTION. EVEN AS THEY RELATE TO ANNA.
SHE'S MY SISTER!
SHE'S PARTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR SEVERAL MURDERS.
SHE DIDN'T KILL ANY-ONE...
THOSE BEASTS DO WHAT SHE TELLS THEM...
...BUT I'M MORE CONCERNED ABOUT MONA.
I SHOULD SEIZE THAT DAMNED EGG FOR THE CROWN...
DO THAT AND BRITAIN WILL DROWN, GREY.
THERE'S A CHAMBER IN THE TOWER OF LONDON WHERE ARCANE OBJECTS OF POWER ARE SECURED. THE QUEEN HAS WORSE THAN MONA AMONG HER JEWELS.

SIR HORACE PASSED AWAY THIS MORNING.
ANY MARKS ON HIM? SCORCHING?
I WOULDN'T KNOW, SIR.
MR. MORSE AND SIR EDWARD, MASTER POOLE.
IT'S MISTER POOLE NOW. HEAD OF THE FIRM, KEEPER OF THE FORMULA...WHICH AT PRESENT I MIS-REMEMBER.
I'VE DEVISED MY OWN RECIPE--DROWN IT IN SCOTCH.

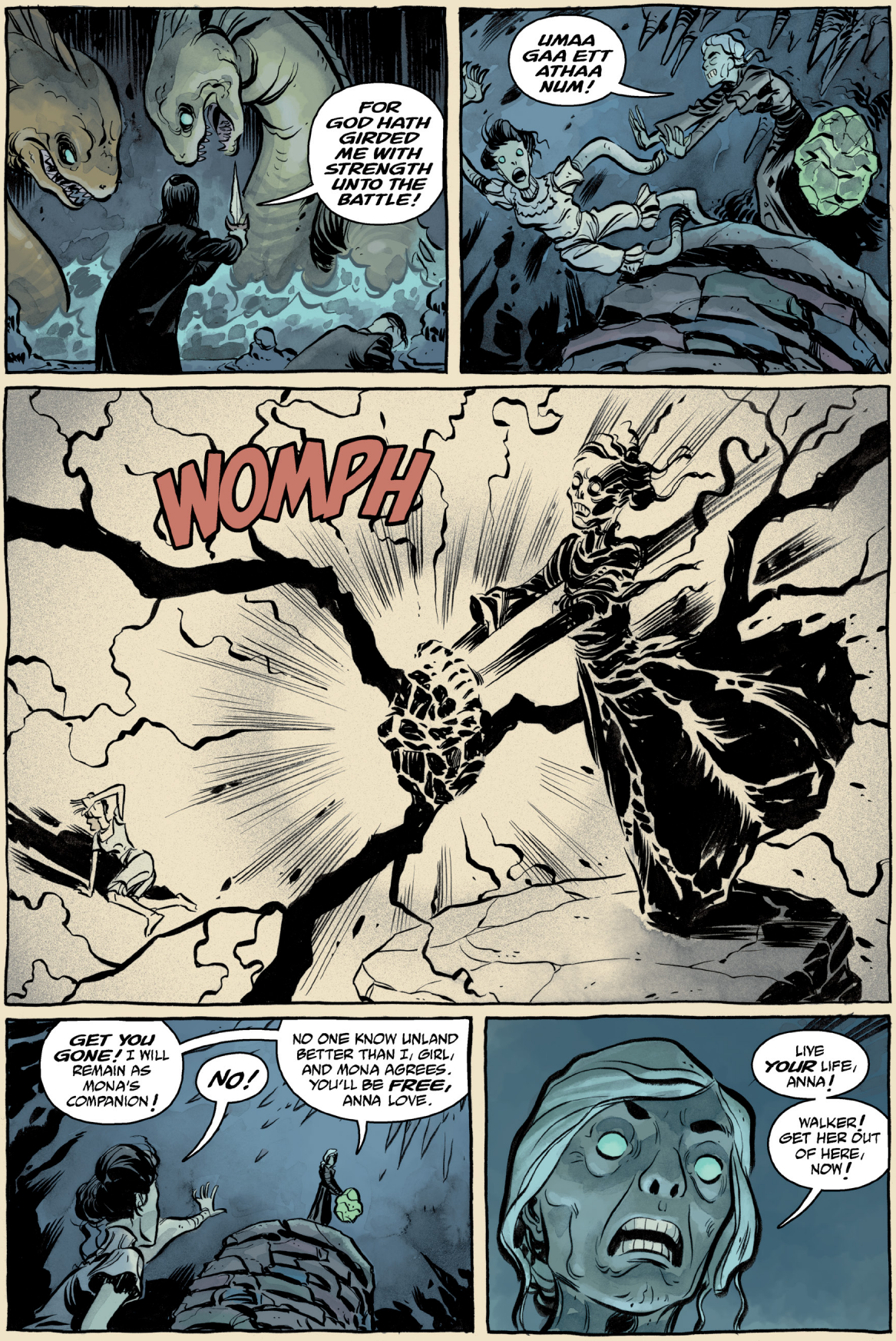
I'D STOP DRINKING POOLE'S ELIXIR JUST NOW, EVEN WITH ALCOHOL.
HAVE YOU TAKEN A LOOK OUTSIDE? DO YOU EVEN CARE WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE TOWN?
IT'S JUST A SPOT OF RAIN. HALLAM'S FLOODED BEFORE.
DAMMIT, WHERE'S MY SISTER, EDMUND?
ANNA DWELLS IN THE DEPTHS NOW.
THE DEPTHS? WHERE? FOCUS, MAN!
THE ROOM BELOW THE CELLAR! STRICTLY OFF LIMITS!
SHE'S BEEN WAITING FOR THE RAIN FOR SO LONG. SHE COULDN'T WAIT ANY-MORE...

THIS WOULD NOT BE MY PREFERRED BATTLEFIELD. ONE WAY IN, BAD LIGHT, AND BETTER KNOWN TO THE ENEMY.
THE ENEMY?
ANNA MOST LIKELY KILLED SIR HORACE...OR AS GOOD AS.
SHE'S NOT A WITCH!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, BROTHER. MONA PROTECTS HER OWN.
HALLAM IS DROWNING, ANNA! PEOPLE ARE LOSING LIFE AND HOME! YOU MUST END THIS!
WHEN THE TIDES TURN, THE SANDS GET WET.
THAT'S ENOUGH TUPPENNY COUNTRY WISDOM, ANNA! CALL HALT OR SUFFER WHEN THE TIDE GOES OUT AGAIN!

I CAN'T ABIDE SMALL SPACES.
I'LL DEAL WITH ANNA ON MY OWN THEN.
GET A MOVE ON.
WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO PASS. ANNA SQUEEZED THROUGH.
SHE'S MONA'S KEEPER NOW. RUMORS ARE IT TRANSFORMS YOU.
IT'S OPENING OUT...
THANK CHRIST!

WELCOME TO MONA'S CAVE. HORACE KEPT IT DRY ALL THESE YEARS, BUT THE EELS HAVE UNSEALED THE PASSAGES. UNLAND RISES AGAIN!
WHAT DO YOU PLAN NOW, SIR EDWARD?
DO YOU THINK YOUR MAGIC KNIFE WILL HELP? YOU CAN'T CUT WATER.

I'VE CUT THOSE BEASTS BEFORE. THEY BLEED AND DIE.
WHAT THEN? YOU'LL HANG ME AND CLAIM MONA FOR QUEEN AND EMPIRE?
MONA IS UNLAND! SHE AND HER PEOPLE ARE ONE. SHE CAN'T BE REMOVED UNTIL HER TIME HAS COME.
NO!
BAM


FOR GOD HATH GIRDED ME WITH STRENGTH UNTO THE BATTLE!
UMAA GAA ETT ATHAA NUM!
WOMPH
GET YOU GONE! I WILL REMAIN AS MONA'S COMPANION!
NO!
NO ONE KNOW UNLAND BETTER THAN I, GIRL, AND MONA AGREES. YOU'LL BE FREE, ANNA LOVE.
LIVE YOUR LIFE, ANNA!
WALKER! GET HER OUT OF HERE, NOW!

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER!
WE'M LEAVING!
YOU CAN'T TAKE THIS FROM I!
ASSUR UM ATHAA!
THERE'M A NEW PACT, WITCHFINDER. TELL YOUR QUEEN--LEAVE UNLAND BE, AND THE RAINS WILL HOLD BACK.
CRASH
MONA WILL TEND HER REALM.
KEEP THE PACT, ELSE THE WATERS RISE OVER ALL ENGLAND.

I'LL RELAY YOUR MESSAGE.
CRACK
HURRY!
IT'S COMPLETELY COLLAPSED!
YOU HAD BEST HONOR YOUR MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.
AND YOU BETTER RESPECT MONA'S WILL. ALL YOU DRYLANDERS.

I SHALL REPORT THAT UNKNOWN MALEFACTORS WERE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE ARTIFACT. I ADVISE YOU TO REFRAIN FROM MURDERING ANYONE IN THE FUTURE.
I SHALL STRIVE TO KEEP THAT RESOLUTION.
HALLAM HALT
FLOODS RECEDE POOLES PAY FOR CLEAN-UP
SO, AFTER ALL, WHAT ARE THE ELIXIR'S CHANCES FOR THE ROYAL WARRANT?
RATHER LOW.
NO NEED TO HURRY. YOU CAN REPORT AFTER LUNCHEON, SIR EDWARD.
WHAT IS ON THE MENU?
JELLIED EELS.
HALLAM
RAINS CEASE
THOUSANDS MOURN
MARSHES TO REMAIN
MENU
I'LL HAVE THE SALAD.

HALLAM, NOVEMBER 2006.
HALLAM H.A.L.T
By Royal Appointment
LOST CAT!
Professor JEREMY TOZER
CANCELLED
MYTH of GLOBAL WARMING
SPONSORED BY ZING
Silver Eel Hall
SATERDAY 9:00PM
DON'T TELL MUM!

POLESTAR
A SUBSIDIARY OF ZING
ABLEADAMS
ESTATE AGENCY
03069-990518
IDEAL
REDEVELOPMENT
OPPORTUNITY
ZOAL
ZING
TOXIC MGMT.
WARNING
DO NOT DRINK
OR SWIM
IN THE WATER
THE PACT IS BROKEN. THE WATERS ARE RISING, DRYLANDER.
I'M NO DRYLANDER, MERE.
THE END

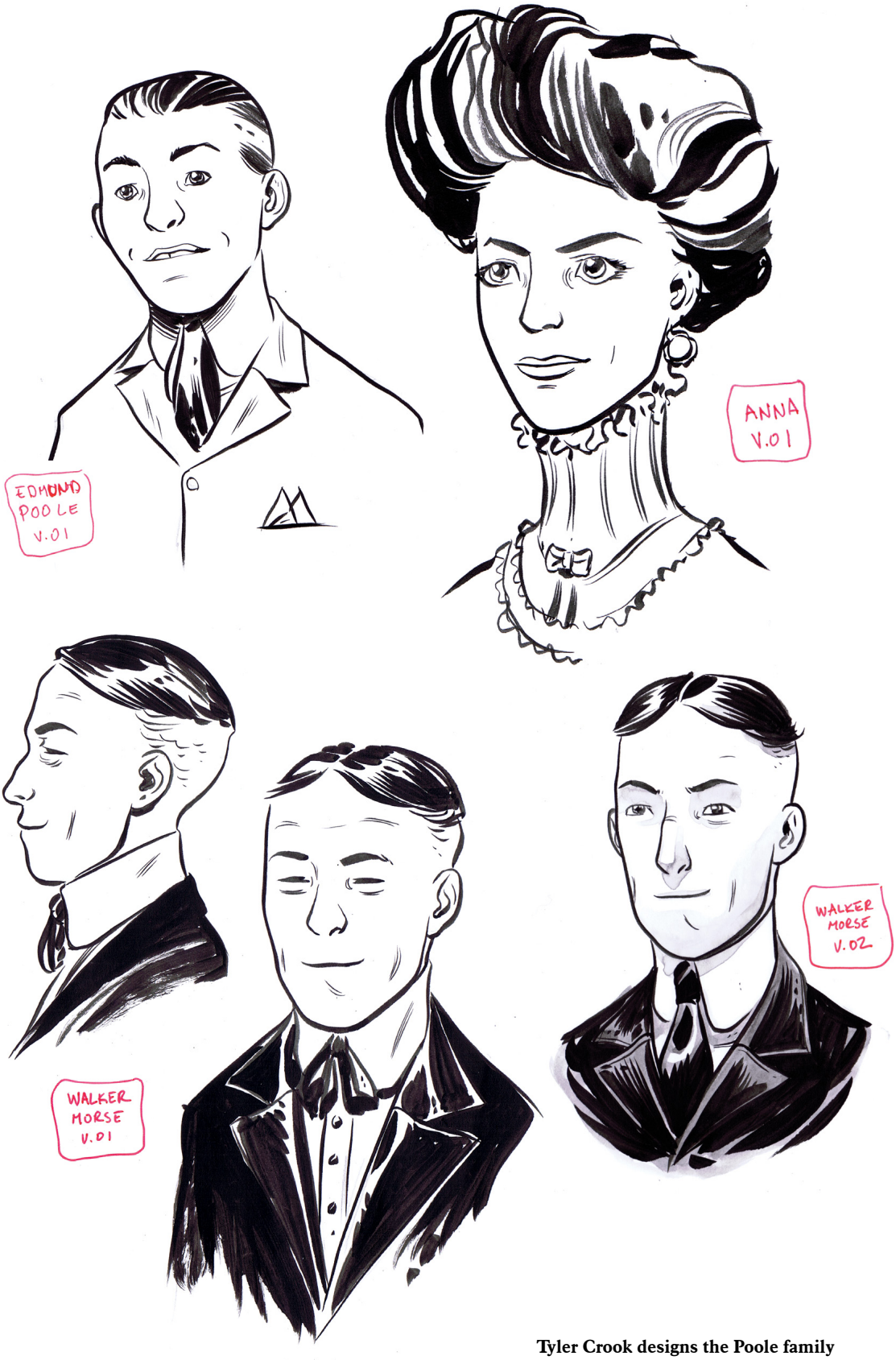
WITCHFINDER™

SKETCHBOOK

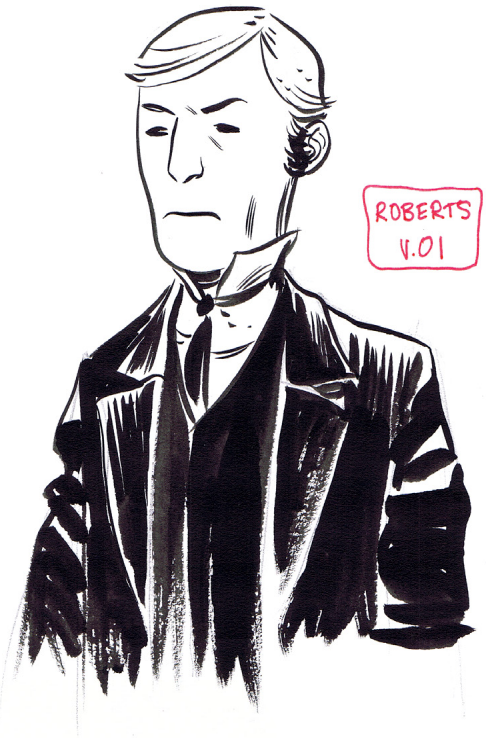
with notes from Scott Allie

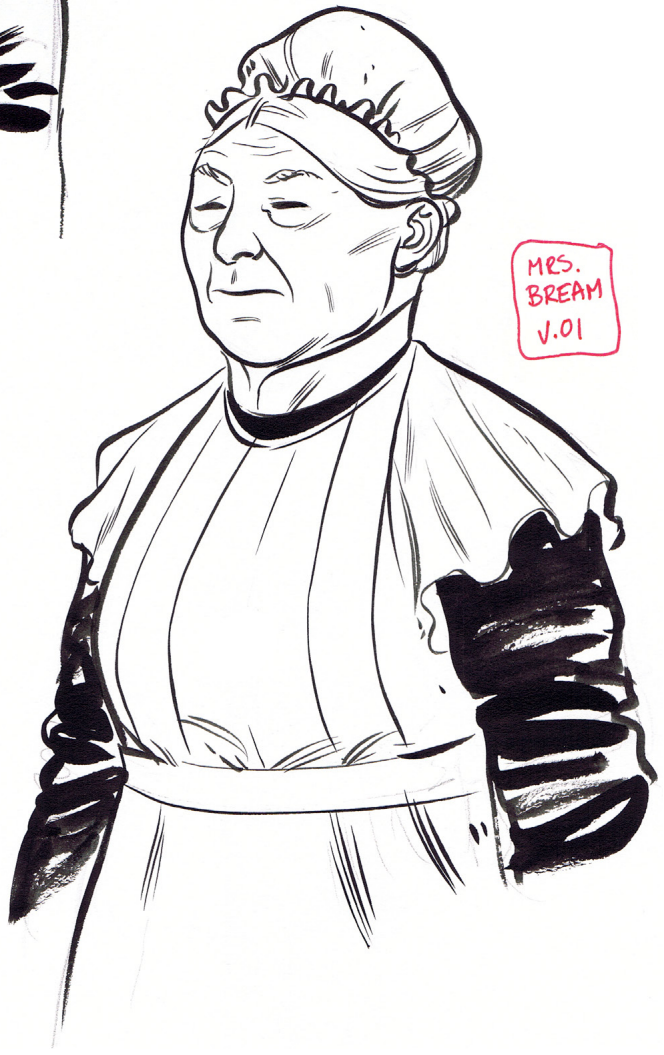
Warming up for the series, Tyler Crook experimented with blue washes to make it easier for Dave Stewart to color the washes and leave the lineart crisp and black. It didn't make it easier, so Tyler ended up doing normal grey washes over his lineart.

HALLAM STATUE V.01
SHOULD THIS BE A FISH?
OR AN EEL?
STONE BASE W/ MOTTO
SIR HORACE V.01
ADA V.01



Tyler Crook designs the Poole family and the people of Hallam.



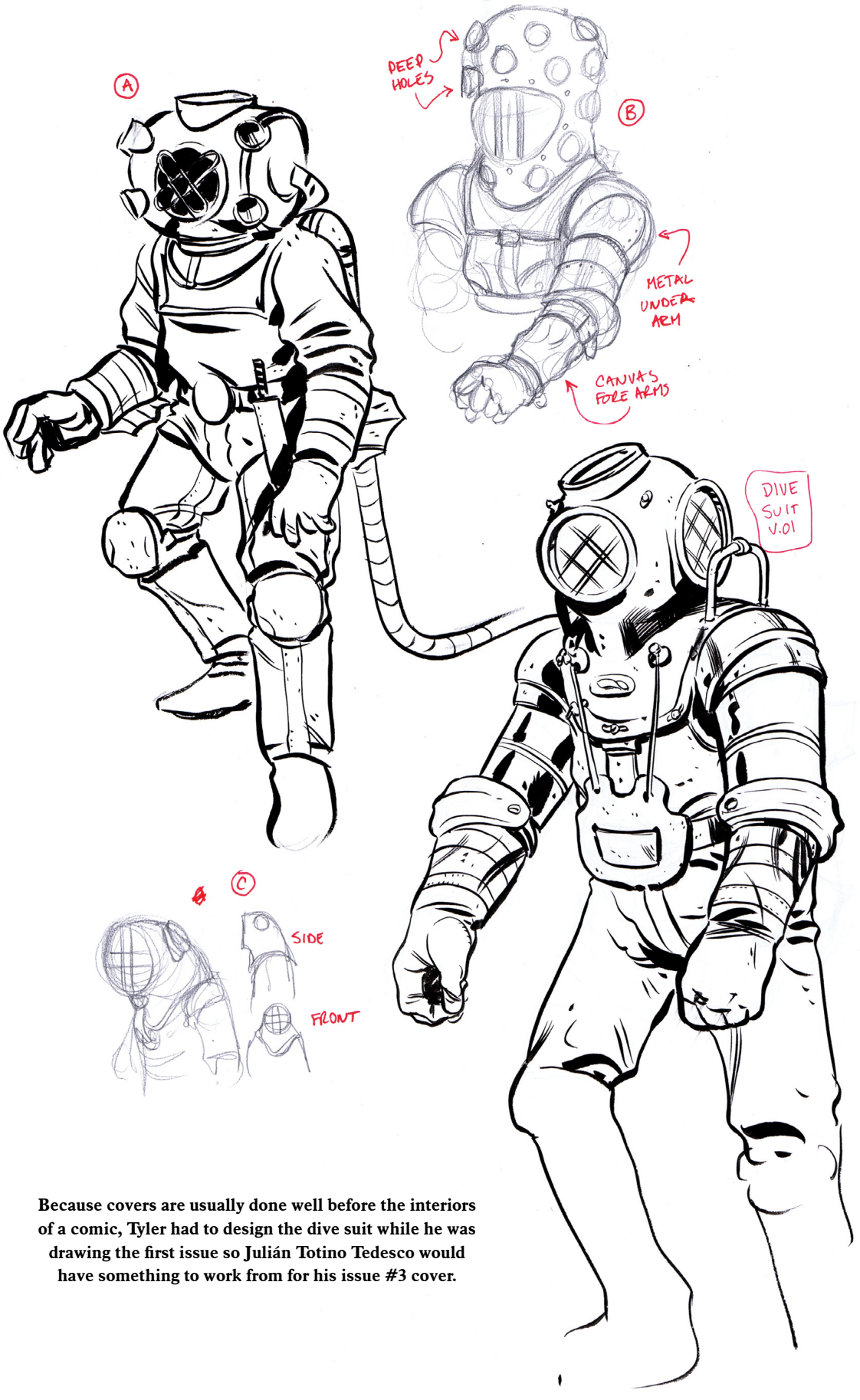


More citizens of Hallam.

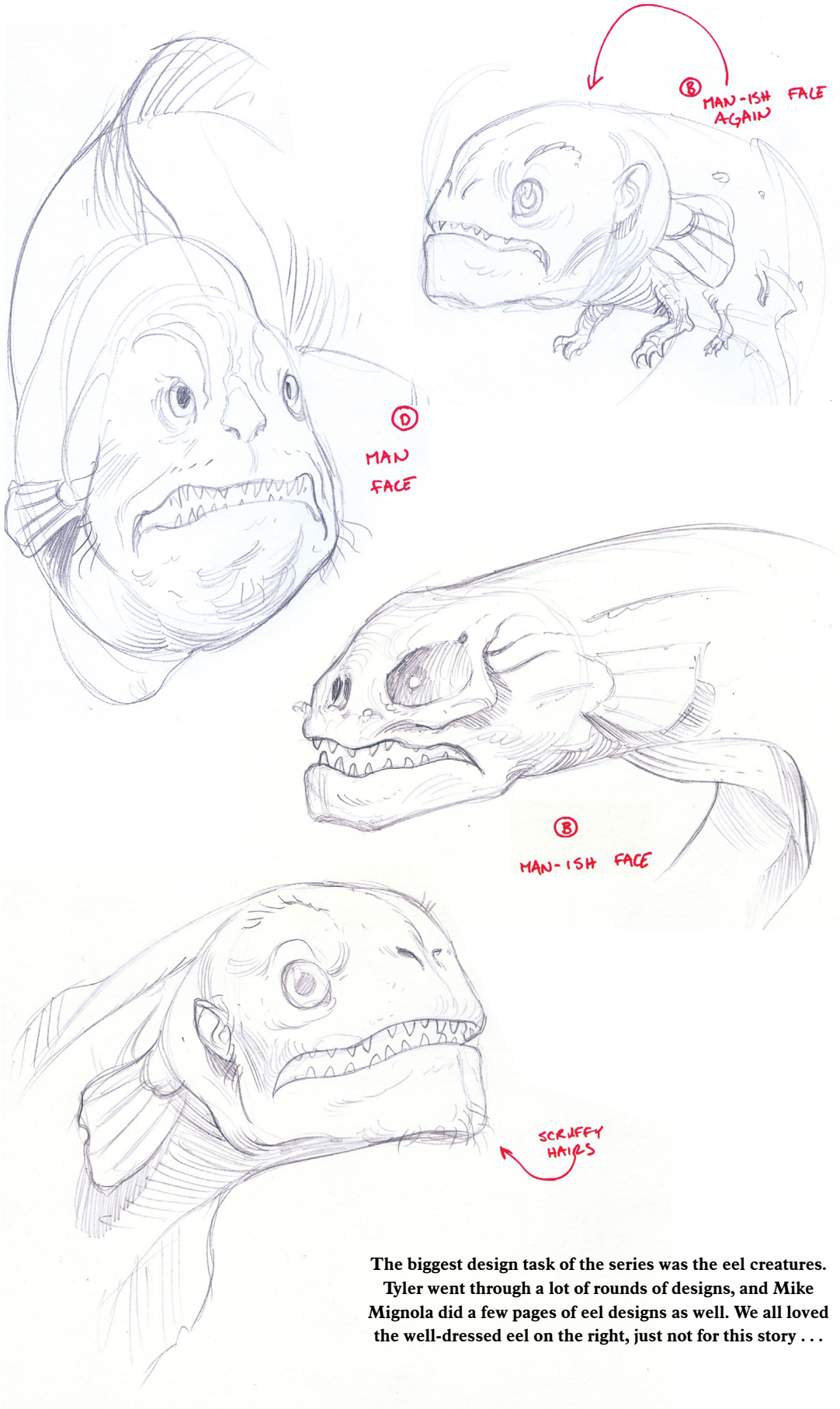
Facing: **Tyler working out Miss Goad and his versions of London characters established in the first *Witchfinder* story, *In the Service of Angels.***

MANLEY
V.01
LEWIS
V.01
MR. SILK
V.01
MISS GOAD
V.01
MISS
GOAD
V.02

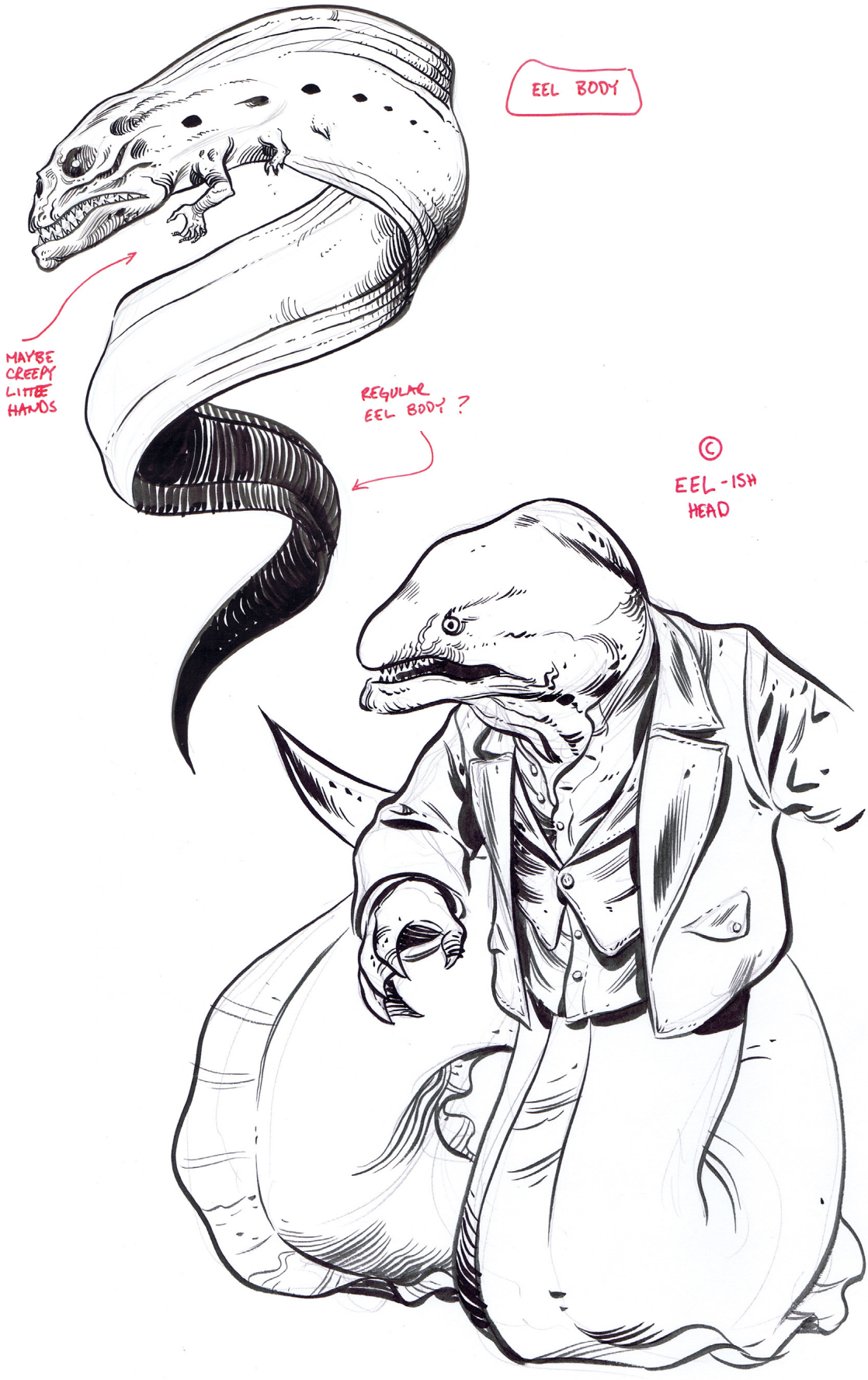
CONSTABLE LAWLESS V.01
DIGGORY FENN V.01
MRS. BUTLER V.01



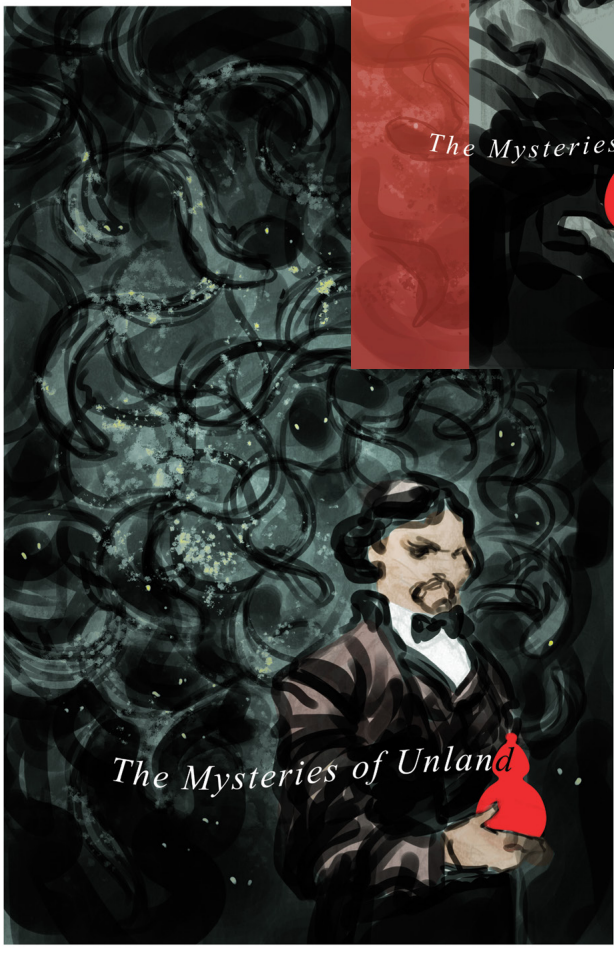
Because covers are usually done well before the interiors of a comic, Tyler had to design the dive suit while he was drawing the first issue so Julián Totino Tedesco would have something to work from for his issue #3 cover.

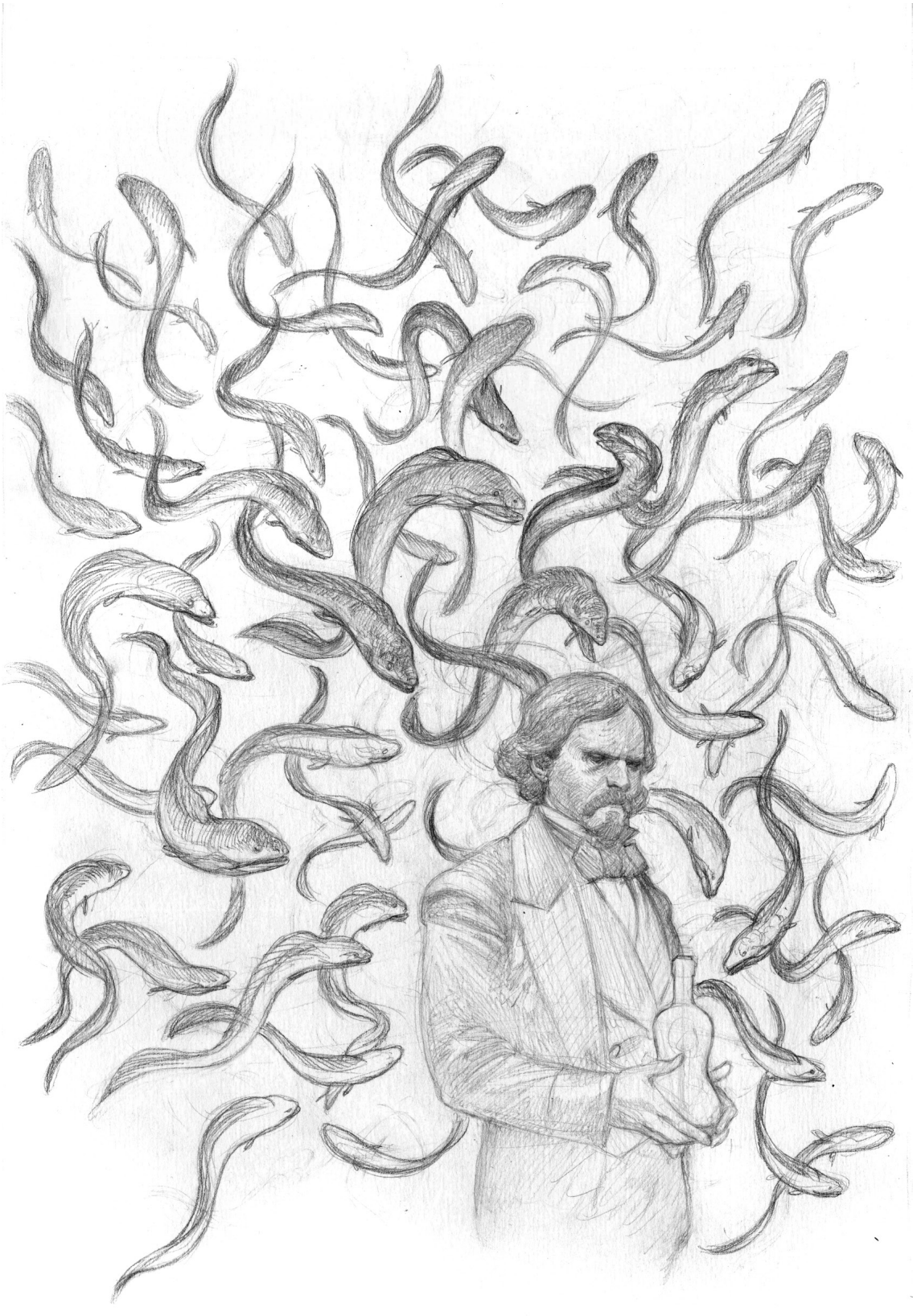


The biggest design task of the series was the eel creatures. Tyler went through a lot of rounds of designs, and Mike Mignola did a few pages of eel designs as well. We all loved the well-dressed eel on the right, just not for this story . . .

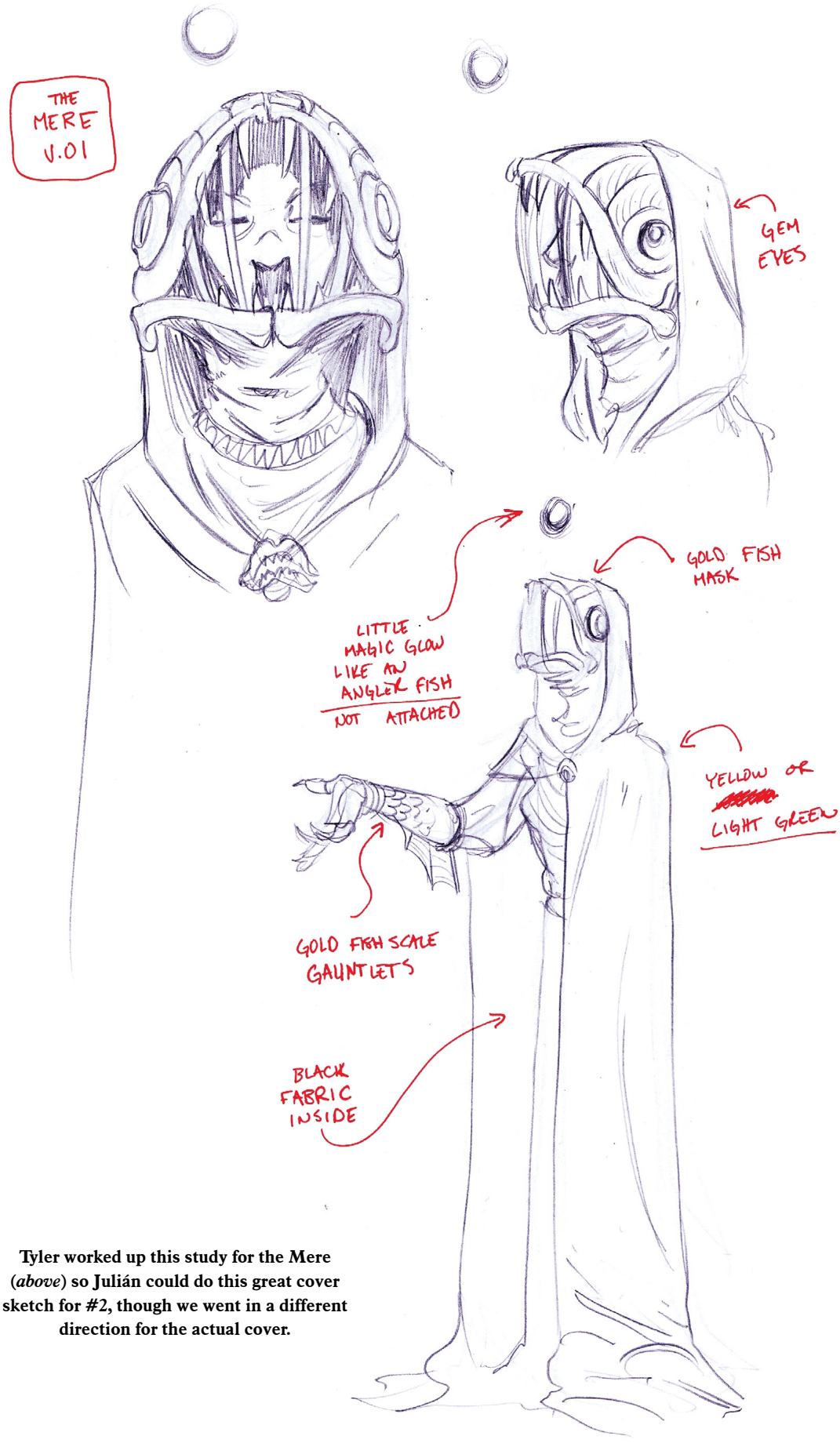

EEL BODY
MAYBE CREEPY LITTEE HANDS
REGULAR EEL BODY ?
©
EEL-ISH HEAD

The Mysteries of Unland

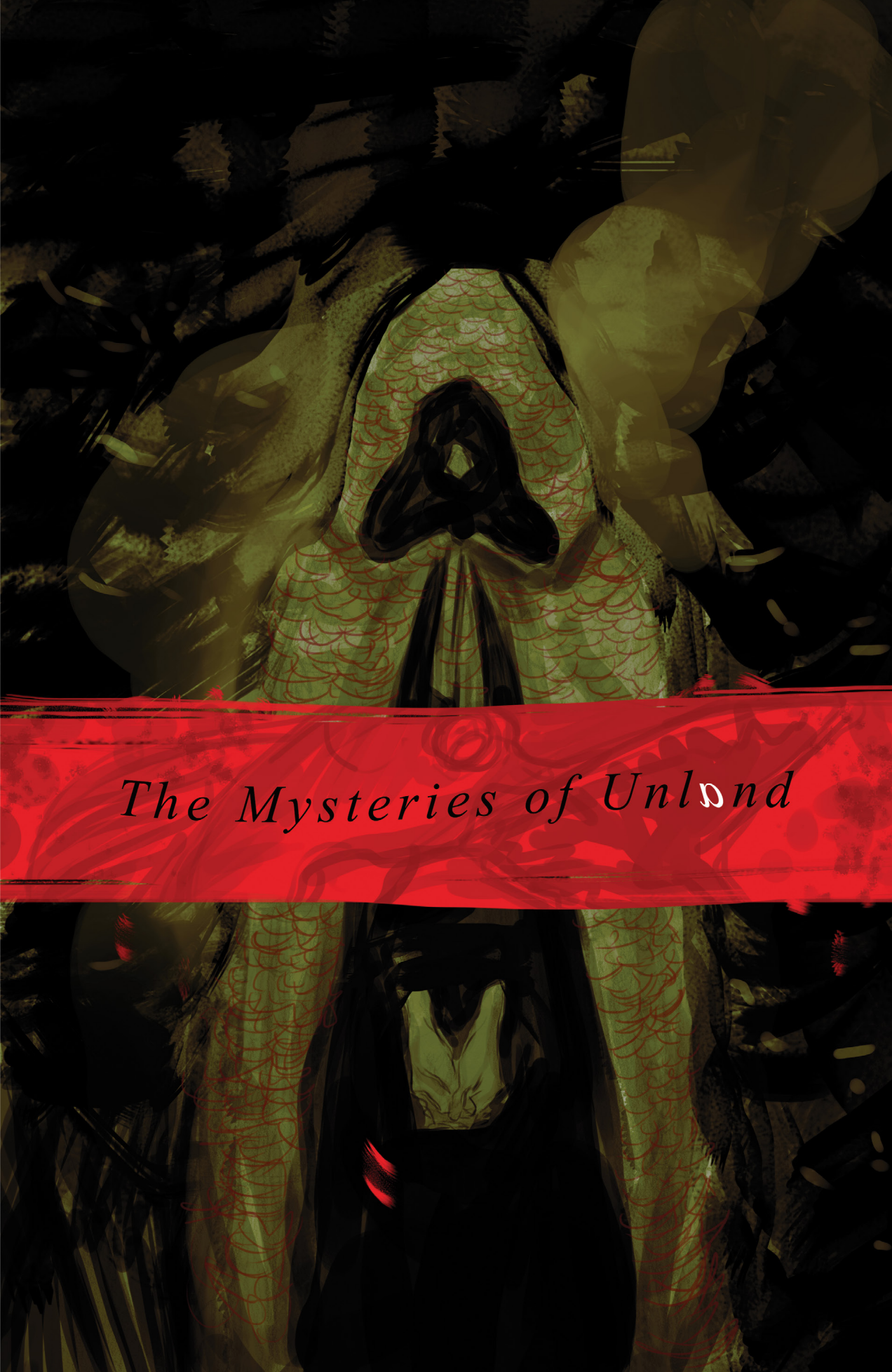

The Mysteries of Unland

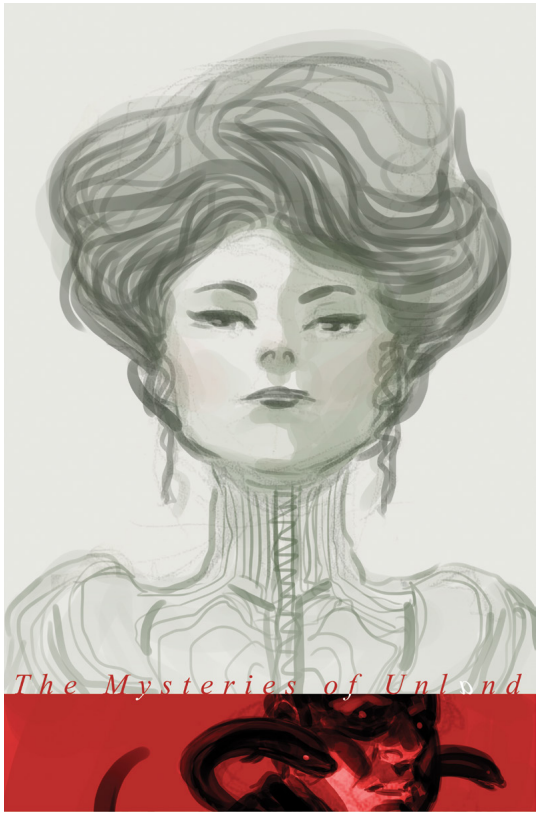


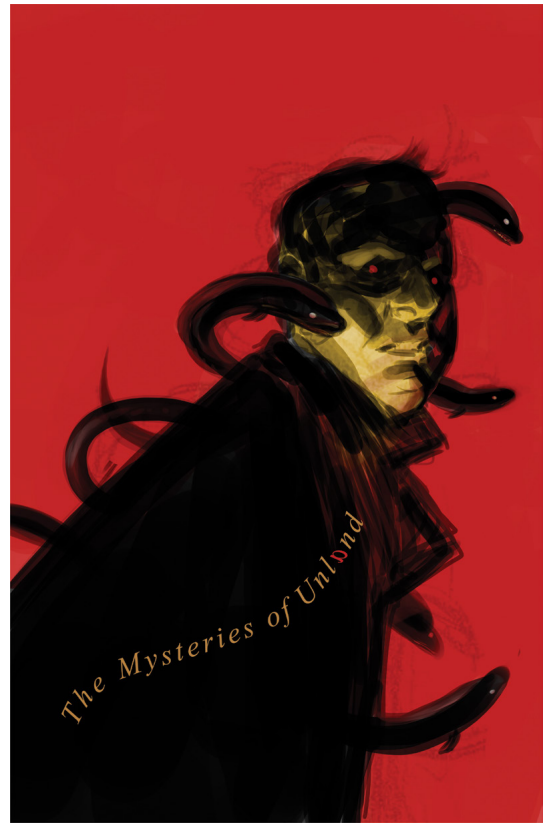
Julián's stages for the #1 cover, including a raw scan of his pencils (*above*). Compare to the chapter 1 break on page 6. Julián did the *Mysteries of Unland* text himself, centering the reversed *a* over the elixir bottle.



Tyler worked up this study for the Mere (*above*) so Julián could do this great cover sketch for #2, though we went in a different direction for the actual cover.


The Mysteries of Unlond

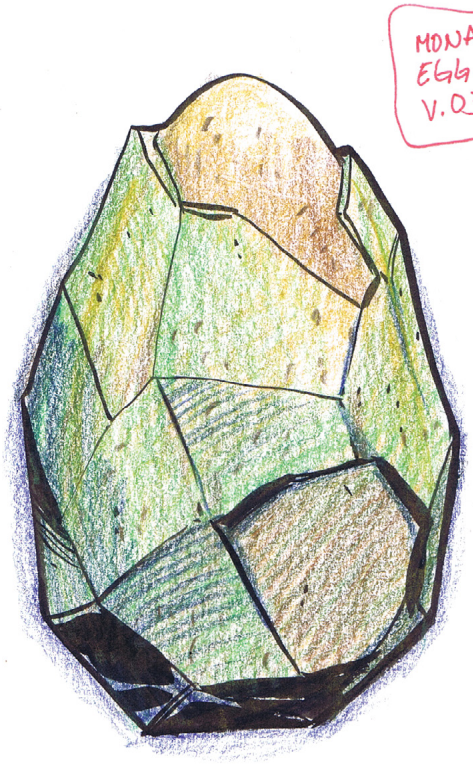


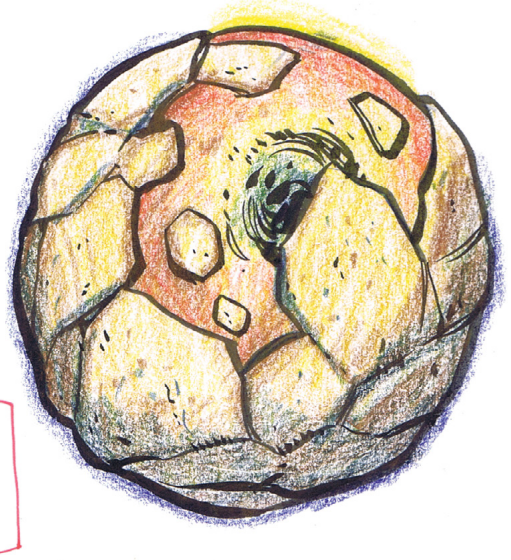


Julián's cover sketches for the cover to issue #3. He combined the two bottom sketches for the final cover.

Above is a detail from the cover. Julián painted this in black and gray acrylics, and then digitally changed it to reds, placing a separate painting of Anna over it. See the chapter 3 break.

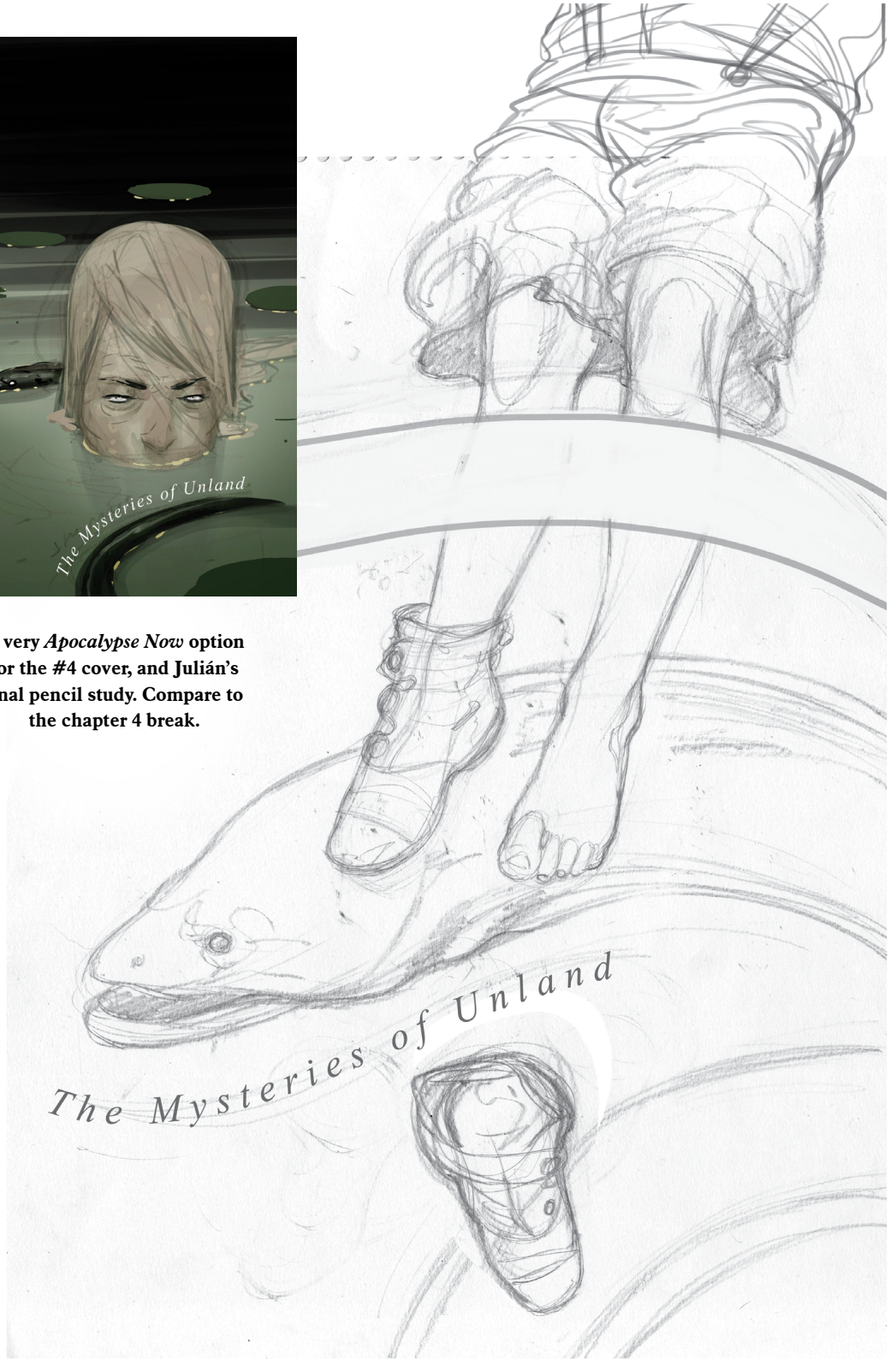
After the eels, this was the second-hardest design to nail down. Tyler provided diverse options.





Julián's cover sketches for issues #4 and #5. Hallam's death in issue #4 was one of our favorite scenes, and we knew Julián could do an amazing cover for that. We realized the Witchfinder himself hadn't been on a cover since issue #1, so we decided to get him on #5.

A very *Apocalypse Now* option for the #4 cover, and Julián's final pencil study. Compare to the chapter 4 break.



***Following:* "Beware the Ape," by Mike Mignola, Ben Stenbeck, Dave Stewart, and Clem Robins originally appeared in *Dark Horse Presents* #36, May 2014.**

BEWARE THE APE
A Sir Edward Grey Mystery
MISTER BAGSBY?
LONDON. 1880.
BAGSBY?
YES?
JEROME BAGSBY? I WONDER IF I MIGHT HAVE A WORD WITH YOU.
GREY?
OH YES. THE QUEEN'S NEW BOY FOR SPOOKS.
MAY I COME IN?
YOU'RE LATE IF YOU WANT BREAKFAST, BUT I CAN RING DOWN FOR MORE TEA.
THANK YOU, NO.
WELL?
IT'S REGARDING THE INCIDENT AT YOUR CLUB.
?
YOU'VE LOST ME.

THE INCIDENT WITH PROFESSOR WERNER AT YOUR CLUB LAST NIGHT?
WERNER? ISN'T HE IN EGYPT OR SOME OTHER GOD-AWFUL PLACE?
SIR, I BELIEVE YOU KNOW HE'S NOT.
DO I?
HE'S BEEN IN LONDON FOR A WEEK NOW, FROM HIS DIG IN BOLIVIA. AND HE WAS IN YOUR CLUB LAST NIGHT SHOWING OFF SEVERAL OBJECTS HE DISCOVERED THERE.
I DON'T THINK SO.
MR. BAGSBY. SEVERAL GENTLEMEN HAVE COME FORWARD TO TELL HOW THEY SAW THE TWO OF YOU ARGUE, SAW YOU BEAT HIM--RATHER SEVERELY--WITH YOUR CANE, AND THEN RUN OUT OF THE PLACE CARRYING ONE OF HIS OBJECTS.
I'M SURE YOU'RE MISTAKEN.
IS THAT NOT YOUR CANE?
WITH WHAT APPEARS TO BE BLOOD ON IT?

WELL, I...
AND IS THAT HIDEOUS THING NOT PROFESSOR WERNER'S STOLEN OBJECT?
IT IS JUST AS HE DESCRIBED IT.
THAT'S...
WHERE DID THAT...
THIS IS NOT THE SORT OF THING THAT WOULD ORDINARILY INVOLVE ME, BUT THE PROFESSOR FEELS VERY STRONGLY THE THING IS DANGEROUS IN SOME SORT OF SUPER-NATURAL WAY.
SIR EDWARD...
IT WASN'T ME.
IT WAS THE APE.

GRRRR
OH--
OOK
OOK
OOK

?
UGGUTH OTH NAAM
OTHOGG NAMM ATT
GUNG ABATT...
ABATH GOTT AMAA!
CHRIST!
AHHH!
SWAAK
KRASH

TOBACCO TOFFEES
DAMN!
EH WOT?
BOUNCE
Hulton Deutsch
BEST PRODUCTS CO
HELLO?
DAMN!
STEADY ON, YOU!
OOAAAAAAAAAAAA
CHOMP
BLOODY HELL!
SKRRR
RKRREEEEE

EEEEEEEEE
EEEEEE
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

LATER...
MONKEY, YOU SAY?
APE.
THAT IS AS MAY BE, BUT I DON'T THINK IT WILL SATISFY THE GREAT UNWASHED. DO YOU, GREY?
NO, OF COURSE YOU DON'T.
HAMET & CRUMPET
HABERDASHERS & PERIWIG MERCHANTS
STEINWAY
APPLE CIDER CIGARS
BISCUIT
NO, I THINK WE'LL PUT IT ON THE SCIENTISTS.
SIR?
I'VE A COUPLE IN MIND--RADICAL IDEAS--BAD SORTS. PIN IT ON THEM AND GOOD RIDDANCE. MEANWHILE I TRUST YOU'LL RUN THIS BEAST TO THE GROUND.
I'LL DO MY BEST.
GREY, HOWEVER, FAILED TO CAPTURE THE APE. IT ESCAPED TO FRANCE, WHERE IT MURDERED A RICH WIDOW AND WAS HANGED.
THE END

GRAPHIC NOVEL/HORROR

Sir Edward Grey is sent to a small English town to investigate the death of a Crown-appointed official, but once there he hears rumors about the wetlands around the town and the unusual creatures that live there.

*"*The Mysteries of Unland *is exactly the kind of story that Lovecraft would have told. While it takes more than a few cues from some of his most known works, it still stands apart as a great comic series."*
—Newsarama

"Gothic horror is alive and well, and festering quickly in The Mysteries of Unland*. Much better than any tonic or elixir." —SciFiPulse*

"Witchfinder *has an unexplainable mesmerizing quality to it." —Weekly Crisis*

"The Mysteries of Unland *is another excellent entry into what is currently one of my favorite series." —Hulking Reviewer*

DARK HORSE BOOKS

DarkHorse.com